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Herbert Marcuse looks behind Olympic murders

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Volume 9, Number 36 (Issue 425)

In Two Parts

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SECRET ARMY ON TRIAL

San Diego anti-communists face terrorism charges

RON RIDENOUR

Right-wing extremists with a paranoid fear of a communist takeover in the United States are preparing for guerrilla warfare in San Diego County. They have forged a group known as the Secret Army Organization (SAO) which has already begun to use violence against leftists and is said to have cadres in eleven western states.

Although these acts of violence, including shootings and firebombings have taken place since 1969, police authorities made no arrests until after the June 19, 1972, bombing of the Guild Theater. No one was injured, although the building was severely damaged. Subsequent raids conducted on SAO members' homes netted large quantities of illegal explosives, handguns and rifles, including an unpacked case of M-16 rifles. The market value of the weapons was estimated at more than \$60,000.

SAO member George M. Hoover was also arrested for the sniper shooting of Paula Tharp who was in the home of radical San Diego State economics professor Peter G. Bohmer on January 9, 1972. She was hit in the right elbow and suffered permanent damage.

Bohmer, who was not home, had previously been subjected to about 40 threatening phone calls and numerous incidents of violence. In many cases, death threats and literature were credited to the SAO. However, when Bohmer and the *San Diego Door*, a radical bi-monthly of 12,000 circulation, reported these and other acts of terror to the police, nothing was done to stop the violence.

Inspector Michael Sgobba, chief of the Investigations Unit ("Red Squad") of the San Diego Police Department, told the *Free Press* that the police had nothing to go on because, "We were not aware of the SAO. We didn't know what the underground group was doing as we hadn't infiltrated it. The FBI had infiltrated them but didn't tell us until after the Guild Theater bombing. The FBI figured they'd gone far enough then when they began bombing property."

The police say they are disgruntled with the lack of cooperation

from the FBI in finding those responsible for the two and one-half years of violence against leftists. Howard Berry Godfrey, FBI informer and agent provocateur for five years, kept the FBI abreast of the violence but the San Diego Police were in the dark, according to Inspector Sgobba.

The trials of the eight men and one woman charged in connection with the fire bombing of the pornography theater (some rightists are morally opposed to pornography) and the shooting of Paula Tharp are scheduled to begin this week.

At preliminary hearings of the nine arrested for the two acts of violence, the FBI and the District Attorney's chief witness, Godfrey, testified that he and Hoover had been surveilling Bohmer's home for the JAC, as was their custom, when Hoover took a 9 millimeter pistol from under the seat and fired two shots into the residence.

Godfrey said he didn't know that Hoover was going to shoot and as his SAO superior he ordered him to stop. Hoover left the gun in Godfrey's car and the informer turned it over to his FBI contact, Steve Christianson.

Christianson, said to be sympathetic to the Secret Army according to the *Door*, hid the gun under his couch for six months until the District Attorney's office learned of its existence by talking to Godfrey after the theater bombing. The agent has since left the FBI and cannot be found for comment but the FBI office denies knowing anything about the gun previous to the bombing.

Doug Porter, staff member of the *Door*, told the *Free Press* that a concerted campaign of terror has been waged since a radical movement began to stabilize in San Diego in late 1969. In the following scenario of violence reprinted from the *Door*, Godfrey's mark is indelibly stamped on it.

Sources for Godfrey's role include gas station attendant Calvin Fox, who is close to the SAO and who was approached by Godfrey to spy on reporter Gene Cubbison of the *Independent Newspaper* because of a story he wrote about the SAO; (please turn to page 3)



This little Indian girl with four arms was photographed by Ben Aliza during a lull in the Indian hearings in Arizona written about on Page Seven.

Much discrimination in local government

JERRY GOLDBERG

Across the board integrated employment is still only a myth in the two largest Southern California tax payer supported governmental agencies.

There is, in fact, more integration within the truck stop restaurants between Little Rock and Atlanta than can be found in Los Angeles City Hall and the County Hall of Administration.

The most integrated time at the Hall of Administration takes place between 4 and 5 p.m. This is the hour when the low economic scale black and brown custodial help comes to work at the moment when the higher paid white clerical and white professional employees go home.

The County does have some black and brown employees in a few better positions but it is very difficult to discover a black or brown face in the more desirable positions. A good example is the publication listing some 30 to 40 USC-County Hospital top supervisors with only two black faces.

County Medical Examiner Thomas Nuguchi can attest to the bias exhibited by officials of Los Angeles County. He is still being blocked in his attempt to get sufficient personnel and his budget even makes it difficult to obtain a box of pencils. This is in contrast to the photographic department which can't even figure out how much is spent on pictures or commendatory scrolls for the supervisors — estimated figure is between \$15,000 and \$30,000 a year.

The official figures of County employment provide a bleak picture on the opportunity for minorities seeking county employment. In 1968 there were 36,773 white (66.5%), 14,036 black (25.4%), 2,615 Spanish surname (4.7%), and 1,455 Asians (2.6%). In 1970 this figure changed to 42,721 white (64.3%), 16,723 black (25.1%), 3,966 Spanish surname (6%), and 1,864 Asians (2%). The 1972 ratio was 41,536 white (61.8%), 17,585 black (26.2%), 4,725 Spanish surname (7%), and 2,010 Asian (3%).

The real story of County official bias comes to life when figures are made available from individual

departments. The Los Angeles County Fire Department lists less than a dozen black firemen within the ranks of the 2,000 fire fighting employees. (Officials of the Los Angeles County Fire Fighters Union relate they were forced to face all kinds of obstructions when they sought to bring more blacks among their ranks).

The City of Los Angeles has faced Federal discrimination charges because it only has 40 blacks among its some 1,800 fire fighters. Officials of the Justice Department in Los Angeles flatly refuse to answer questions of why a similar suit has not been filed against the County. All questions are referred to Washington. It can only be surmised that the County government has a closer relationship with the administrators of Governor Ronald Reagan and President Richard Nixon than the Los Angeles City Council.

Supervisor Kenneth Hahn is the only elected official of County government with more than one minority field deputy. He has two out of a group of eight. Supervisor Warren Dorn with the biggest staff of 10 deputies has one black field deputy and no Mexican Americans, although he has heavy pockets of both groups in his district. Supervisor Ernest Debs has one Mexican American field deputy on his staff of six deputies and several Mexican-American clerical staff members. There were no minority members on the four-man staff of the late Frank Bonelli or the six-man staff of the late Burton Chace.

Councilman Gilbert Lindsay has the only fully integrated Los Angeles City Council staff. He has a well rounded staff of white, brown, and black employees on the civil service and appointed administrative assistant and field deputy level. Councilman Robert Stevenson and Councilman Arthur Snyder have many Spanish speaking staff members and Stevenson also has representation for the Asian community.

Councilman Ed Edelman, Marvin Braude, Robert Wilkenson, Donald

Lorenzen, Joel Wachs, Ernie Bernardi and even Louis Nowell (with a heavy black and brown constituents) have no black or brown staff members. Wilkinson does have some Asian clerical help. Councilman Pat Russell, John Gibson, Tom Bradley, and Billy Mills all have black staff members with a definite absence of brown staffers. Mills practices a reverse bias only an occasional token white staffer.

Minority employees, particularly Spanish surnamed, are grossly under represented in the city classified service. They tend to be concentrated in the relatively low paying occupational categories and minority employees are almost totally excluded from certain City departments.

The City Administrative Office, City Clerk, City Attorney, City Planning Department and Community Analysis Bureau have some minority clerical help with none in the better paid supervisory or administrative positions.

Six annual employment opportunities reports issued by the personnel department indicates while substantial numbers of minorities are employed in non-supervisory labor custodial classifications, very few minorities are employed in these administrative managerial classifications.

During the period from 1964 to 1970 two blacks were given administrative jobs in fiscal year 1966-67 and one Asian was given an administrative position in Fiscal year 1965-66 and one in 1967-68. This was in comparison with 114 white candidates and no Spanish surnames during the same period. The city hired 3,359 blacks, 567 Spanish surname, 123 Asians and 2,037 whites for labor-custodial positions during that period.

Personnel Department data also indicates a higher ration of turn down per applicants hired among minority than among whites.

POLICE NEWS

Police arrested Lillian Clark last week on suspicion of assault with a deadly weapon on an officer. Ms. Clark was arrested after she allegedly pulled a knife on an officer who was investigating a theft involving her. The attack came when the suspect attempted to escape after several stolen objects were taken from her.

Two officers investigating a fire Monday night in Willowbrook were allegedly attacked by two youths. According to Deputies, the pair along with a crowd of from 15-20 persons began beating the officers when they attempted to question bystanders about the fire. They were booked on attempted murder charges. The officers were treated for minor cuts.

A Pomona store clerk will be indicted on criminal charges in an incident stemming from the death of a Pomona youth. Last Friday, a Coroners Inquest returned a verdict of "death at the hands of another" against Dale Piorkowski in a split decision. Pomona's black residents for the past two weeks had been up in arms over the shooting by Piorkowski of a black teenager, Herman Johnson, during an alleged hold-up attempt by the youth. However, many witnesses testified that the youth was shot outside the store as he was walking away.



Graphics by Willem

Communists file lawsuit to win place on ballot

Calling the California Election Code "the most discriminatory in the nation," the Communist Party sponsored Hall-Tyner Campaign Committee has filed suit against the Code in the federal court in Northern California. The Committee wants to strike out Sections 6830, 6833, and 6834 of the code.

These sections require that a third party secure 66,000 signatures of registered voters to qualify for the ballot. An independent candidate to qualify must have 5 to 6% of the signatures of those voters who didn't vote in the last primary on a nominating petition. This comes out to 450,000 signatures.

The absurd logic behind this is that, since they didn't vote, this indicates genuine desire on their part to have an independent candidate. To make matters worse, the code prescribes that the signatures must be gathered within 24 days, (no sooner than August 15 or later than Sept. 8). Pierre Mandel, campaign co-ordinator of the Hall-Tyner Committee, says that he is aware of only one case where this stipulation was ever met.

The suit aims at eliminating the code's inequities and making it possible for the CP ticket to get on the ballot with only 18,000 signatures, the same as required for the Democratic and Republican parties.

Mandel cites as a precedent for the CP's suit a recent decision by a federal judge in Pennsylvania striking down similar provisions on the basis that they "suffocated the election process." He notes: "The law is a jumble of contradictions, it was designed to maintain the supremacy of the two major parties and keep out dissident forces. It covers with legal language the old property and money basis for voting."

The CP contends, says Mandel, that "you should have the right to choose any independent candidate without necessarily agreeing."

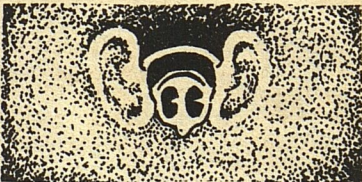
So far, they have gotten over 20,000 signatures from voters throughout the state on their petitions. The bulk of the signatures were collected in front of welfare offices, employment offices, factories, and campuses: "Everywhere the response has been good. Last week, for instance, we sent some volunteers out to Sybil Brand Institute, the women's jail, and nearly everyone coming in signed."

Collecting signatures, has also provided the party with the opportunity to reach a wider number of persons with their program. Over 120,000 pieces of party literature, they claim, has been distributed in Southern California to workers and the unemployed, many of whom have never been exposed to Communist material.

Nationwide they report similar successes. Already the CP candidates have been certified for the ballot in a dozen states. By comparison in 1968, CP candidates were only on the ballot in two states. The Hall-Tyner Campaign Committee, according to Mandel, views this as a "rebuttal to the anti-communist notions of the McCarthy period."

Critics see it differently. They charge the CP with reformism and opportunistically building a phony campaign to cover their tacit support of McGovern and liberal Democrats.

Whatever the case, the party's challenge to the obviously biased election codes will bring short and long-range benefits to groups like La Raza Unida, who are struggling to develop independent political organizations.



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San Diego anti-communists face terrorism charges

(continued from page 1)

defendants William F. Yakopec, accused of the theater bombing, Hoover, and Jerry Davis, Southern California regional director of SAO; and also from Godfrey's own grand jury testimony.

Godfrey has admitted to being a captain and commander of the local SAO and second in command of the California state section. Other rightists contend that Godfrey was a co-founder of it after the Minutemen were "destroyed by communists in the Justice Department." Godfrey said he had supplied information to the FBI almost daily for five years through three contacts: Christian-son, Earl Peterson and Jordon Naylor.

Godfrey got started in the FBI like so many informers after he was arrested for a crime. He was charged with possession of illegal explosives in 1967. He had been sympathetic to reactionary groups already when asked to inform for the FBI. Charges against him were then dropped and he became an employee of the Fire Department. The department denied it knew about his FBI and SAO activities.

Fox says that he never trusted Godfrey because, "He would never look you straight in the eye." The worker also believes that the "whole SAO thing is just a 'straw army' the FBI has manufactured to get people who think that Nixon is selling out to the communists." He thinks that as in the Cuban invasion, the CIA may be involved as well.

While the right-wing thinks that the FBI is out to get it, the left points to the fact that no effort whatsoever was made to stop the right-wing terror against radical leftists during the entire two and one-half years. They think the FBI may have been using Godfrey to harass and collect information on radicals and allowing crimes of violence against radicals to be committed.

Yakopec's attorney, Frederick Hetter, who is with the American Civil Liberties Union, told the *Free Press* that Godfrey is an explosives expert and a locksmith. The *Door* has long claimed that those who broke into its offices and into the *Street Journal* some time before must have been a locksmith. The *Door* also pointed out that the last person to leave the *Street Journal's* office one of the nights it was broken into was John Paul Murray, then known by his police undercover alias as Jay King. It is not known if King and Godfrey worked together.

The Secret Army, founded by Godfrey and other ex-minutemen, grew out of the dissipating Minuteman organization after Minutemen members were arrested for robbing banks. As long as it remained a terrorist and propaganda group against the left, it was left alone. The SAO is most powerful in the wealthy area of San Diego where Nixon wanted to have his convention.

Other right-wing groups are also an important part of the ocean community, including Alpha 66, the main group of Cuban exiles who invaded

5. To promote knowledge and skill in use of firearms by SAO members and the general public.

6. To form, in advance of actual need, a secret underground organization equipped to spy upon, harass and destroy troops of any foreign power that might occupy the United States territory.

7. To lend assistance and support to other resistance groups, domestic or foreign, opposing Communist expansion or subversion.

8. To pursue these programs as private citizens motivated only by

SAO defense strategy in the trials will probably be to blame the terrorism it is accused of on the FBI provocateur, Godfrey.

Hetter, for example, believes that his client is innocent of the bombing and points a finger at Godfrey. He also says that the SAO commander, Jerry Davis, said that Godfrey supplied 75% of the money for the SAO.

Door reporters Doug Porter and Ric Reynolds were contacted by Davis of the Secret Army who provided them with information

up several bombings in the East Coast for the FBI and blamed them on the left. The lawyer also believes that the SAO working members don't have the sophistication to pull off the operations that they are accredited with.

"My client, Yakopec, is a simple tool for the FBI. You know, they had enough information to arrest people after the Tharp shooting. They knew what was going on in all the violence. They had civilians do their dirty work. They only moved after a building, a business, was bombed. It wasn't a case of shooting somebody, it was damaging property."

Hetter hopes to turn the trial into an offense against the FBI. His goals merge with the SAO's and with the radicals. Both left and right are agreed that the federal government is the key oppressor and repressor.

This supposition achieves more credence in conversations with the US Attorney General, the FBI and the SDPD.

Harry Steward, US Attorney General who figured in the case of C. Arnholt Smith and the ITT scandal, said he couldn't comment on the case or on the reasons why no one was prosecuted over the two and one-half years of violence against radicals because of the trials. But he did say that "The FBI never presented any prosecutable cases to us." And the FBI refused to say anything to this reporter. Special agents Rex Shroder and Anthony Maloney said the pending case prevented them from making any comment on anything. Maloney did not want to talk to the press at all.

An interesting contrast to representatives of the federal government were the views of police investigator Sgobba. The cooperative amiable "Red Squad Chief" told me that "We really want to crack this thing, Ron. We're accused of persecuting the left and not the right. We've put a lot of work in this thing since January and we do want to arrest the guilty persons."

He said that it was quite possible the SAO was guilty of the numerous acts of violence against the left but that they had no proof. He blamed Godfrey and the FBI for withholding information critical to solve the crimes.

"If we could get evidence we'd charge people. If Godfrey did anything we'd charge him too," Sgobba said. He told the press to watch the "interesting trial" to determine the role of the FBI in provoking the violence.



The Spur Valley Ranch Cafe, frequent hangout of Secret Army members. (Photo by Ric Reynolds.)

Cuba in 1961 in the Bay of Pigs invasion; the Minutemen; the White Socialist Party (Nazis), and the John Birch Society.

According to an article in the *Valley Grove News*, the Secret Army has an eight-fold purpose.

1. To prepare the means of personal defense and survival in case of enemy attack.

2. To resist and expose the spread of Communist influence and propaganda within the national boundaries.

3. To investigate infiltration of Communist sympathizers into American organization of government, business, labor, religion and education.

4. To resist by all means, the passage of laws regulating private ownership of firearms which detract from an individual's ability to defend his (sic) own family and personal property.

patriotism to remain free of governmental subsidies or control.

The Secret Army Organization has envisioned a three-stage program of resistance against Communism. These include: the underground network, guerrilla warfare, and conventional warfare.

The membership of the SAO is being trained to set up the underground network that they feel is necessary to support future guerilla activities. Current training includes techniques of sabotage, espionage, subversion, infiltration, escape and evasion counterfeiting recruitment communications, and propaganda.

San Diego radicals are more concerned about the SAO than they were with the Minutemen because the SAO seems to have a political thrust as well as a military one. No organization gains popular support without cogent and persistent political work.

about Godfrey. He confirmed that Godfrey worked for the radical Message Information Center under the name of Larry, that he had access to the Movement For a Democratic Military, and that he had a list of people belonging to the Peace and Freedom Party in San Diego which he obtained while working for them. Godfrey was in charge of the SAO's counter-intelligence unit.

Davis said that the SAO never wanted to become public but its cover was blown by Godfrey when he printed two Special Bulletins. One pointed out Bohmer as the man to get. Godfrey also suggested massive retaliation against the police department for their harassment of the SAO after the Tharp shooting.

Hetter links Godfrey with Tommy the Traveller, the Student for a Democratic Society member who set

1969 - 1972 Chronology of terror in San Diego

FALL, 1969: Free school Exploring Family ramsacked, bullet holes in John Porter's law office door.

November, 1969: Bullet holes through the *Street Journal's* office.

November 29, 1969: *Street Journal's* office broken into, 2500 copies of the then current issue dumped into San Diego Bay.

December 1, 1969: *San Diego Free Door's* truck has four tires slashed and ball bearings shot through windshield with slingshot.

December 23, 24, 1969: Synthetic Trips on University Avenue (where both the *Door* and *Street Journal* distributed) has windows broken out with slingshot fired lugnuts.

December 25, 1969: Rear entrance at *Street Journal's* office opened, paint poured over two justwriter machines, headliner fonts destroyed. Damage estimated at \$4,000.

December 25, 1969: Two bullets shot into porno shop, Arnie's Bookstore, just barely missing Mike Epples.

December 28, 29, 1969: Tires slashed again at *San Diego Free Door*.

December 29, 1969: Five shots into Arnie's Bookstore, one shot from a rifle, four from a shotgun. Minutemen stickers left.

January 3, 1970: A car belonging to Larry Gottlieb, a staff member of the *Street Journal* firebombed at 2nd and Thorn.

January 4, 1970: Arnie's Bookstore and Chuck's Bookstore (adult literature, and distributor for *Street Journal*) have lugnuts shot through windows. Minutemen stickers left at Chuck's.

January 5, 1970: Chuck's Bookstore again has lugnuts shot through windows.

January 14, 1970: The office of the *San Diego Free Door* broken into and \$1,000 worth of equipment damaged. Over a thousand names and addresses stolen.

January 20, 1970: The Lugnut Case continues. Synthetic Trips front window broken out for sixth time within a month. Local movement files list William Francis Yakopec as chief suspect.

March 18, 1970: Ron Breen, then Associated Student Body President at San Diego State College receives warning from Minutemen to leave town by noon the following day or be assassinated. The same night, Allen Stancliff, member of Young Socialist Alliance comes home to find a bomb thrown through his window, that failed to explode.

April 29, 1970: Near midnight, Oceanside's MDM office shot into by speeding car. 12 rounds from a .45 caliber automatic hit building, one wounding PFC Jesse Woodard.

April 12, 1971: Tear-gas crystals dumped on seat of car at Saratoga Street. Tear-gas crystals also thrown through door at local printing collective. Minutemen stickers left.

May 4, 1971: A phone call received by Peter Bohmer. The caller said: "If anything happens at the Bank of America (scene of anti-war demonstrations scheduled that day) we're going to kill you with a bullet through the back of your head." Another caller said that if anything happened at the Bank of America "We're going to ship him back to MIT in a pine box." Complaint filed with police department.

August 1971: Guns stolen from a house on Muir Street, inhabited by people doing GI organizing.

November 13, 1971: Grenade thrown through window at Peace House at 2143 Market Street, but fails to detonate. A car was set on fire in front of the Bohmer residence the same night.

November 15, 1971: A phone call was received stating, "The car was just a warning." Several days later another caller said, "Next time we'll get the house." In November the first SAO sticker was found at Bohmer's office at State.

December 23, 25, 1971: Phone threats. One caller said, "Wish Pete a Merry Christmas. It will be his last. This is the Secret Army Organization." Another caller said, "Merry Christmas. It will be your last. We know you're there alone. This is the Minutemen."

December 27, 1971: Bohmer received a copy of the SAO Bulletin which described Peter's appearance, his car, and listed his phone and address. They gave this information "for any readers who may care to look up this Red scum."

January 3, 1972: Many people in the city were receiving phone threats. Some of these people were no longer active in the movement, which gives credibility to the claim that the SAO had an outdated phone list.

January 6, 1972: SAO stickers were left on Bohmer's office door. Later that afternoon a call was received at his residence saying, "This time we left a sticker, next time, we may leave a grenade. This is the SAO." Friends of Bohmer who lived up the street received a call that night. "Say good-bye to your friends down the street." At 9:15 p.m. two shots from a 9mm pistol were fired into the Bohmer residence wounding Paula Tharp.

January 7, 1972: The woman inaccurately listed in the SAO Bulletin as Bohmer's girlfriend received a call saying "You're next."

March 3, 8, 1972: Tire slashing on cars belonging to members of Convention Coalition and Enlisted Peoples Place.

March 28, 1972: Screen door ripped down at the home of a local radical.

March 30, 1972: Tear gas crystals sprinkled on car door handles of member of Convention Coalition.

April 6 or 7, 1972: The brake line on a car of a local radical cut.

April 19, 1972: SDS garage in South-east San Diego burns. Typesetting equipment destroyed. Fire officials suspect arson. SAO Special Bulletin lists prominent San Diegans as pinkos and traitors.

April 20, 1972: A car belonging to a member of the San Diego Convention Coalition and *Door* firebombed on Montalvo Street in Ocean Beach. A month previous an SAO sticker was placed on the windshield.

May, 1972: Phone threats to people listed on Secret Army's Special Bulletin including M. Larry Lawrence, Democratic Party Chairman; the home of Maureen O'Connor, the police Department, and the office of the *Door*.

June 19, 1972: The Guild Theatre bombed.

(Printed in Aug. 17, 1972
San Diego Door)

Israel is strong enough to peacefully co-exist with Arabs

Prof. Herbert Marcuse, the ideological father of the New Left, was in Israel at the invitation of the Van Leer Institute. Following is a statement he gave reporters in Jerusalem on December 30, 1971, several days before he left the country.

HERBERT MARCUSE

I have been asked by many friends here, especially among the students, to give them my opinion, based on talks with many people in different regions of this country, Jews and Arabs, and based on rather extensive readings of documents and secondary literature. I am fully aware of its limitations; I offer it merely as a contribution to the discussion.

I believe that the historical goal which motivated the foundation of the State of Israel was to prevent a recurrence of the concentration camps, the pogroms, and other forms of persecution and discrimination. I fully adhere to this goal which, for me, is part of the struggle for liberty and equality for all persecuted racial and national minorities the world over.

Under present international conditions, pursuance of this goal presupposes the existence of a sovereign state which is able to accept and protect Jews who are persecuted or live under the threat of persecution. If such a state would have existed when the Nazi regime came into power, it would indeed have prevented the extermination of millions of Jews. If such a state would have been open also to other persecuted minorities, including the victims of political persecution, it would have saved still many more lives.

In view of these facts, the further discussion must be based on the recognition of Israel as a sovereign state and on consideration of the conditions under which it was founded that is to say, the injustice done to the native Arab population.

The establishment of Israel was a political act, made possible by the great powers in pursuit of their own interests. The period of settlement prior to the establishment of the state and the establishment itself proceeded without due regard of the rights and interests of the native population.

The foundation of the Jewish State involved, from the beginning, the displacement of the Palestinian people, partly by force, partly under pressure (economic and otherwise), partly "voluntary." The part of the Arab population that remained in Israel found itself reduced in spite of the granting of civil rights, to the economic and social status of secondary citizens. National, racial, religious distinctions became class distinctions; the old contradiction within the new society, aggravated by the merger of internal and external conflicts.

In all these aspects, the establishment of the Jewish State is not essentially different from the origins of practically all states in history: establishment by conquest, occupation, discrimination. (The endorsement by the United Nations does not alter this situation: the endorsement de facto recognized conquest.)

Accepting this accomplished fact and accepting the basic historical goal ... the State of Israel as presently constituted and under its present policies can be expected to achieve its own aim while existing as a progressive society in normally peaceful relations with its neighbors.

I shall argue this question with reference to Israel's boundaries as of 1948. Any annexation in whatever form would, in my opinion, already suggest a negative answer. It would mean that Israel could preserve itself only as a military fortress in a vast hostile environment, and that its material and intellectual culture would be geared to growing military requirements. If this were at present the only solution, it's dangerously precarious and temporary character is all too evident. While a superpower (or its satellite) may well continue to exist under such conditions

a long time, the smallness of the country, and the armament policy of the superpowers preclude this possibility for Israel.

Starting from the presently prevailing conditions, the first prerequisite for a solution is a peace treaty with the U.A.R. which would include the recognition of the State of Israel and free access to the Suez Canal and the Straits, and a settlement of the refugee problem. I believe that the negotiation of such a peace treaty is possible now, and that Egypt's reply to Jarring (February 15, 1971) provides an acceptable basis for immediate negotiations.

Egypt's reply asks above all for an Israel commitment to withdraw its armed forces from Sinai and the Gaza Strip. The argument that this would open Israel to a devastating Arab attack could be met by the establishment of a demilitarized zone, protected by a neutral U.N. force. The risk involved seems to me not greater than the perpetuated risk of war under present conditions. It is the stronger power which can afford the larger concession — and Israel still is the stronger power.

The status of Jerusalem may well turn out to be the hardest impediment to a peace treaty. Deeply rooted religious sentiment, constantly played upon by the leaders, makes Jerusalem as the capital of a Jewish state unacceptable to the Arabs (and Christians?). A unified city (both parts) under an international administration and protection seems to offer an alternative.

Just Settlement

The Egyptians reply furthermore asks for a "just settlement of the refugee problem in accordance with U.N. resolutions." The wording of these resolutions (including Security Council Res. 242) is open to interpretation and to that extent itself subject to negotiations. I shall outline only two possibilities (or their combination) which were suggested in discussions with Jewish and Arab personalities.

(1) Resettlement in Israel of those Palestinians who were displaced and wish to return. This possibility is from the beginning limited by the extent to which Arab land has become Jewish land, and Arab property Jewish property. This is another historical fact which cannot simply be undone without righting one wrong. But it could be mitigated by resetting these Palestinians on still available land, and/or by giving them adequate facilities and reparations.

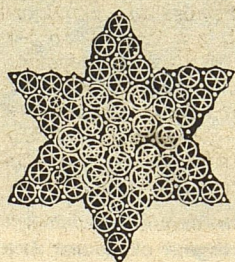
This solution is officially rejected with the argument (correct in itself) that such return would quickly transform the Jewish majority into a minority and thereby defeat the very purpose of the Jewish state. But I believe that is precisely the policy aiming at a permanent majority which is self-defeating. The Jewish population is bound to remain a minority within the vast realm of Arab nations from which it cannot indefinitely segregate itself without returning to ghetto conditions on a higher level. To be sure, Israel would be able to sustain a Jewish majority by means of an aggressive immigration policy, which in turn would constantly strengthen Arab nationalism. Israel cannot exist as a progressive state if it continues to see in its neighbors The Enemy, the Erbfend. And lasting protection for the Jewish people cannot be found in the creation of a self-enclosed, isolated, fear-stricken majority, but only in the coexistence of Jews and Arabs as citizens with equal rights and liberties. Such coexistence can only be the result of a long process of trial and error, but the preconditions for taking the first steps are given now.

There is a Palestinian people which has lived for centuries on the territory part of which is now occupied by Israel. The majority of these people now live in territories under Israel administration. These conditions make Israel an occupying power (even in Israel itself) and the Palestinian liberation movement a national liberation movement — no matter how liberal the occupying power may be.

(2) The national aspirations of the Palestinian people could be satisfied by the establishment of a national Palestinian state alongside Israel. Whether this state would be an independent entity, or federated with Israel or with Jordan, would be left to the self-determination of the Palestinian people, in a referendum under supervision by the United Nations.

The optimal solution would be the coexistence of Israelis and Palestinians, Jews and Arabs as equal members in a socialist federation of Middle Eastern states. This is still a utopian prospect. The possibilities discussed above are interim solutions which offer themselves now and here; to reject them outright may well create irreparable damage.

(Sent to the Free Press by The Committee on New Alternatives in the Middle East.)



At the Olympics

When politics seemed to recede

Dear Art —

Here is the weekly Olympic goodie from your intrepid reporter and his intrepid assistant. As we only got partial accreditation, we are not authorized to go into the Olympic Village — so of course we've figured out not only how to get in there but how to eat with the athletes, get free saunas and massages, get some of the athletes high, etc. We go in almost every day.

We got a hold of some gratis tickets for several events and we plan to crash the gate for the track and field finals and closing ceremonies. We've been having a ball! The Olympics is really a nice happening ... and we've gotten to be pretty tight with a couple of the American athletes.

I guess you're getting our weekly goodies — please write a note and let us know. We have a souvenir for you but will wait until we hear from you (we want to be sure you'll get it) before we sent it. Also please send press cards and copies of the papers with Kenny's stuff. Just send them c/o American Express in Munich.

More next week! An Olympia High to All!!

Love & Peace,
Kenny & Sherri

Munich, August 29, 1972

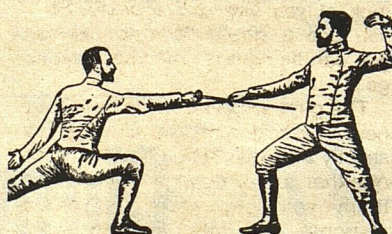
Less than a week after the crucial decision to expel the Rhodesian team from the Olympic competition all talk of politics has ceased. In the Olympic Village no mention is made of the situation which nearly scuttled the Games before they got off the ground. The African nations, whose threatened boycott triggered the fireworks, were pictured on the front page of the German press giving the V-sign for victory.

It must be admitted that it was a victory of sorts for the emerging black nations who, for the first time, felt the power of unity. The Olympic Committee, which has held fast against all political pressures in the past, had to bend to the combination of U.N. influence plus the threat of financial disaster. If the black nations had walked out, the world would have had an all white Olympics. For this to happen in the 'New Germany' would have recalled an earlier era of Aryan supremacy. So in the interest of good public relations and economic gain, the IOC bent to outside pressures.

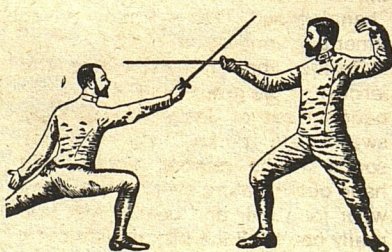
The next question is whether this action has opened the floodgates of

political dissension into the Olympic scene. A Canadian journalist from Montreal, site of the 1976 Games, expressed deep concern. He said that the French population in Montreal is already up in arms against the English speaking administration of the Province. He imagined that on the opening day of the '76 Games the French Guerillas might booby-trap the stadium with land mines.

The noticeable losers in the struggle were the Rhodesian athletes, black and white. In the Village they seemed to be in a state



Seconde (Fencing)



Septime (Fencing)

of snock. One white competitor said that he had given up his job and family for the past six months to train. Some of the black athletes were the same ones who were denied an opportunity to compete in Mexico four years ago. Now they will sit in the stands and watch their events as spectators. There are no words to describe their feelings. Just put yourself in their place and you begin to get a feel for it.

I was beginning to wonder whether the Games were really worth all this strife and tension. Does international athletic competition realize the goals of world understanding and cooperation? Or is the Olympic stadium simply an extension of nationalistic propaganda? From the viewpoint of the participants the answer has to be that the effort is definitely worth it.

The Olympic Village is a living tribute to societal cooperation. Athletes from all over the world are eating, shopping, talking and dancing with one another in an amiable

atmosphere. The very fact that this can happen strikes a blow for the idealists. Not only is there no tension in the Village, but the athletes are having a ball. In the discotheque, athletes from Senegal dance with Swedish girls. German waiters serve the finest cuisine to Israeli competitors, and Russian athletes trade national pins with the Americans. My impression is that there is much in common among the world's peoples and the differences are primarily the machinations of the government politicians. It's the upper levels that are the trouble makers. It would be a crashing disaster if the athletes here should lose this opportunity to meet in friendly competition. So I, for one, vote to keep the Olympics out of the political sphere. No athlete should be denied the right to compete because he comes from a country which has a fucked government.

It's no wonder that the athletes are so pleased with the situation here. The accommodations are designed for their every need or whim. In the Village, free milk and yogurt are dispensed freely, as are energy drinks, cokes and other soft drinks. The meals are complete feasts from filet mignon to fresh fruit. There are two competing athletic wear companies here, each of whom lavish track suits, shoes and casual wear to the athletes in return for their promise to wear the brand at the Games. As the saying goes, "The pigot is turned on."

When the competitors are not practicing on one of the numerous practice fields they can relax with a sauna and massage. Afterwards they may play chess on huge boards drawn on the patio ground, ping-pong at one of 40 indoor and outdoor tables, listen to the latest music in individual tape rooms, watch the Games televised into the information center on no less than eight different color monitors, dance to live music, or most likely engage in the most popular pastime — trading national pins. Each team member is issued about 40 national pins which he can trade for others.

On the main drag in the Village clusters of athletes, press and crashers engage in lively trading sessions. The Russians are the craftiest traders, using pins from previous Olympics as well as an assortment of non-Olympic pins, to confuse the bargaining. I finally managed to get the official U.S.S.R. (please turn to page 5)

George Wallace 'John, you're one of my favorite people' told me:

**EARL OFARI and
RON RIDENOUR**

If American Party presidential candidate John Schmitz is to be believed, the right-wing is going all out to build alliances with left-wing radicals around the coming elections because there is the growing feeling among some Rightist elements that their long cherished electoral process no longer serves their interests.

In recent weeks, signs of the attempt to build a left-right detente came when the Minutemen "leaked" material to San Diego's alternative paper, the *Door*, alleging that the FBI was involved in a group called the Secret Army Organization which is credited with a series of terrorist attacks against San Diego radical groups over the past two years. There is also the War Crimes Tribunal by a group called Youth Action, supposedly a coalition of Left-Right forces.

Equally significant, is the exclusive interview which Schmitz gave to the *Free Press*. In contacting this paper, his campaign aide made it clear that the American Party considered it important to reach and familiarize liberals and radicals with the party's "anti-establishment" message.

Schmitz thinks that his views coincide at some points with those of the Left (particularly on the issue of the Vietnam war, which he's against), and that an election victory for him would mutually benefit each side.

A one-time John Birch Society member and now a "lame duck" Congressman from Orange County, Schmitz claims that he lost his seat during this year's primary because of his outspoken opposition to Nixon. The Republican Party, he says, felt it expedient to dump him in favor of a more moderate conservative candidate (also an ex-John Bircher). Schmitz won his Congressional seat in 1964 by advocating Proposition 14 of that year — a measure calling for the repeal of the Rumford Fair Housing Act.

Schmitz is a graduate of Marquette University in Milwaukee who served eight years in the U.S. Marine Corps as a fighter and helicopter pilot. He retired from active duty in 1960 and now holds a Lieutenant Colonel's commission in the Marine Corps Reserve.

No matter how loudly Schmitz proclaims his "anti-establishment" ideas they still pale beside his glaring anti-communist obsession which very much parallels that of the traditional Right. His campaign literature is filled with scare warnings about the perils of the "communist menace." This delusion has even led him, in the good old style of the Birch Society, to concoct the notion that Nixon's trip to China is part of a scheme to gain American control over the narcotics traffic which, he says, is centered in China.

To him, Nixon is a "totalitarian" who is bringing on the police state, in league with the communists, of course. Therefore he must be defeated. But Schmitz serves as a member of one of the most repressive government agencies, the House Internal Security Committee, formerly HUAC, which helps fashion much of that totalitarian climate he attacks. When questioned about this, he came up with the weak answer that "All committees are the same."

Resting uncomfortably next to his anti-communism is the element in his thinking which brings his campaign booklet to state: "The only difference between the Republicans and Democrats at the national level is a matter of rhetoric."

Despite the American Party's marginal nature, Schmitz receives top security Secret Service clearance. When we met him at CBS studios for the taping he was guarded by six SS agents. Not only did this puzzle us in light of his "anti-establishmentism," but also raised the question of who is provided with this expensive service (\$100,000 per month plus \$85,000 stable costs)?

The SS told the *Free Press* that after Robert F. Kennedy's murder, Public Law 90331 was passed authorizing the US Treasury Department to guard presidential can-

didates who represent "major parties." Major parties are defined as those which receive five per cent or more support as determined by Harris or Gallop polls. Although Schmitz has not received that much support, the authorities decided to protect him since the American Independent Party's earlier standard bearer, George Wallace, was shot.

When we asked Martin Pollner, director of the law enforcement section of the US Department of Treasury, and in charge of SS agents assigned to candidates, about the policy of who is protected, he said:



"An advisory committee of representatives from Congress and the Senate make those recommendations and we in the Treasury department along with President Nixon make the final decision. We guarded the major Democratic candidates after the Wallace shooting (including Shirley Chisholm and Congressman Wilbur Mills). Later Congressman Schmitz called me and asked for protection for him and for his running mate. The advisory committee agreed in view of the Wallace shooting."

Pollner said that even if a controversial candidate might be susceptible to being shot, that would not mean he should be protected since there are many people who run and the costs of guarding are so great. No one running in a left party is protected. Pollner cited the definition of a "major candidate" as the reason. He did say that his department spoke with Dr. Benjamin Spock of the People's Party about protection but would not disclose the conclusion of their conversation. Spock's campaign headquarters in Washington, D.C. (Jim McClellan) denied this statement.

"We've never spoken with anybody about protection. Our own decision was that we would not ask for it since we have too many agents following us as it is," McClellan said.

However, since we were there to talk to Schmitz and not to resolve the Secret Service protection issue, we moved on to explore the hodgepodge mixture of New Left, John Birch Society, traditional Republicanism, and nativist ideas that make up the political outlook of Schmitz and the American Party.

Would you characterize yourself as being to the right of Nixon?

The preamble to the American Party says that most Americans don't consider themselves categorized by a Left, Right, and Center. I'll take any label anyone can give me if they can define it properly. If you want to call me to the Right of Nixon, fine. I disagree with him and I consider him a phony.

Could you elaborate on that?

Nixon puts himself forth as a moderate conservative. But he is part of that group that is totalitarianizing this country. Totalitarianism has taken a greater step forward in the four years under Nixon than in any other four years in this country's history. He runs as a moderate conservative, and they push Goldwater and Reagan out front at their convention giving speeches which were as phony as a Hollywood movie set. They try to create the illusion that this party stands for what political parties used to stand for, which was a moderate conservative position.

Who is your program addressed to?

If I had to summarize our platform it would be never go to war unless you plan on winning, and those who work ought to live better than those who won't.

We're the only ones who have taken a stand for neutrality in the Mid-East. I maintain that "doves" are nothing but "hawks" for the other side. Some are just mad because they're shooting communists and not Arabs.

As far as the stand on minorities, we've repeatedly said that we aren't going for any bloc voters of any type, racial or otherwise. We've got two parties that have been doing that. They have been going to people saying vote for us and we'll do this for you.

The American Party has a very clear platform. My record is clear. I've got a believability index second to none in eight years of political office. Anyone who wants to march behind us regardless of race, creed, or color is welcome to do it. But he's going to do it as an American, not as a member of a bloc.

What's your party's Vietnam policy?

The real unspoken issue in Vietnam is that Richard Nixon in violation of Article 3, Section 3, which has to do with treason, is giving aid and comfort to the enemy, just as the Democratic Party is. For fifty years we've been building up the military-industrial complex of the Soviet Union, so that we can build up a military-industrial complex of our own to oppose theirs. One expert has stated that 90 to 95 percent of Soviet technology in general comes from the U.S. or NATO countries. Without this there would be no Vietnam war. We furnish the sinews of war materials to each side and you can't take any peace effort seriously as long as this is happening.

What kind of support base does the American Party have?

We appeal basically to those tax-paying Americans carrying the load who sock their money to tax free foundations. They in turn use their contributions for political leverage. The people on the bottom stay there, not working and living off of others. By the way, welfare is at both ends. I'm one of the biggest opponents to the Lockheed loan, Amtrak, and other types of welfare to big industry. I maintain with Jefferson, "That government governs best which governs least."

Doesn't Nixon make the same appeals to middle-Americans?

In his words. In his actions he's a totalitarian.

Are you out to take votes from Nixon?

I hope I take votes from both of them. If I take more votes away from one of them than the other, that's their problem, not mine.

As far as McGovern goes, those people who thought they were in a crusade of the poor and the young, and non-white, are beginning to have second thoughts. They wondered how come their party had all that money in the primaries. It didn't come from the poor, the young, and the non-white.

Let me put it this way, if I were a fat cat socialist (no, totalitarian. I don't like to use the word "socialist." It's been used by both the national and international socialists. Let's call them "totalitarians"). If I were at the top and I wanted to assure four more years of Nixon, I would have donated to McGovern's campaign to insure Nixon's election.

Are you running a serious presidential campaign?

I'm in this to win. The American people are disillusioned, disappointed, almost in despair at the fact that they've had to put up with lesser evil choices. I don't blame young people, or a lot of the *Free Press* readers. I feel just the way they do about the establishment. But we ought to know who is really the establishment and the anti-establishment candidate. If they want a real anti-war candidate, they'll come to Schmitz and the American Party.

For example, how can McGovern really be anti-war when he's committed to sending troops to the Mid-East. McGovern says he's for peace,

but then he's vying for Nixon for the Jewish bloc vote. It's fine if Jews want to support me, but I'm not going for a pro-Israel bloc vote. We're neither pro or anti-Israel, and we're not pro or anti-Arabs, we're pro-Americans. We're not going to get caught up in vying for the Jewish vote. Let McGovern look ridiculous by saying he wants out of the war in the Far East and into the war in the Mid-East. Let him explain that to his peace followers.

Going back to what you said earlier about no special appeals to any group, does this mean that you won't campaign in the black or



brown communities?

I'll go to black or brown communities. I spoke to the Cuban community in Miami. But I didn't say: here's what we're going to do for you. Of course, our platform does have the policy that we're for the non-intervention and the desire and the attempts of the Cuban people to take back their country. That's more than either the Republican or Democratic parties are doing for the Cuban people. But we're doing that as we'd do it for any oppressed people or enslaved nation.

What about Nixon's trip to China?

Nixon talks a lot about his war on drugs. But China is giving dope to young Americans and Nixon is giving China to young Americans. Nixon is the link. The number one source of heroin is Red China. Why is Nixon covering that up?

How do you know this?

In a few weeks we'll come up with first hand documentation. I made a trip to Taiwan — Free China — to find out what I couldn't find in



Washington. They tell you if you want to find out what's happening in China go to Singapore, Hong Kong, or Taiwan. They gave me a full report.

The Chinese had an official program since 1952 of poppy production. Chou en-lai in 1956 told Nasser that Western man brought opium to China and we're sending it back and saving the best for the troops.

In Washington, I talked first hand to a girl who escaped from China and who is living in Ohio now. She escaped through Hunan province, which is the area where the poppy is grown. She said that a large part of the crop is harvested by Chinese troops themselves. It would be easy to discover this by aerial photography. We have the technical

knowhow to find all the world's poppy fields.

You said that Nixon is a totalitarian. How would you stop the drift toward growing police power in America?

You know, some of your readers are being used and that's one of the very reasons I wanted to talk to the *Free Press*. You guys aren't going to overthrow this country, your readers, the rioters. All these groups. You know what you're doing, though. You're furnishing the excuse for the totalitarians in government to set up the police state, which they're doing.

I think you people can solve part of the problem by getting the agent provocateurs out of your ranks. There's a lot of good, honest discontent among you, but a lot of people are using you.

I'm on the House Internal Security Committee and we were hearing testimony on the planning for the May Day demonstrations. At one of the planning sessions in the Mid-West someone remarked, "Don't worry about the cost overruns. The Ford and the Rockefeller foundations are going to pick it up." Now why are the Ford and Rockefeller foundations interested in paying for this so-called anti-capitalist move. My comment was that the people in the street and those on top are run by the same brain.

I hope that you can get across to your readers is that I am anti-establishment. I wrote the introduction to the book, *None Dare Call It Conspiracy*. The *Free Press* gave it a pretty good review. It has a lot of appeal to your readers. And you'll find that we have a lot of the same enemies.

If you want a real anti-establishment, anti-war candidate, I'm your man. But don't get used by the agent provocateurs. I found I was being used by the Republican Party, and how about wondering if you're being used and getting together?

You say all this about repression and totalitarianism, but that doesn't mean we should also start by breaking up the Internal Security Committee — your committee? Isn't that part of the same repressive apparatus?

It depends on what you do with it. It uses no other methods than any of the other committees. It depends on who's in charge.

So you're saying that your committee isn't part of that totalitarianism? It could be.

Well, I just never see it investigate Right-wing groups like the Klan or Minutemen. Somehow it's always the names of liberals and radicals that turn up in your files and investigations.

If you want to talk about the name gathering agencies, how about the Anti-Defamation League. When have you people gone after them? They have bigger files than anyone.

But they don't have state power. They've got something bigger. They've got power over the state.

What about your relationship with Wallace?

He's under doctor's orders not to support anyone. I came as close as anyone to getting Wallace's endorsement. He said, "John, you're one of my favorite people."

A Free Press interview with John Schmitz, American Party presidential candidate

The reality of reservation

Navajo Indians reduced to serfdom by white traders

HELEN KOBLIN

"The traders are a bastard gentry, begotten through the rape of Navajo society," proclaimed Michael Benson, a Navajo youth, last week, August 28, at a hearing in Window Rock, Arizona, where the 150 traders on the 15-million acre Indian reservation were called upon by government officials for the first time in history to answer allegations of abuse of the Navajo people.

It was difficult to accept that the unique beauty of the Arizona-New

Mexico desert terrain with its red and purple-hued mesas, smogless skies and fiery sinking suns, provides the background for a network of exploitation "worse than any colonial economy of the 19th century," as one Federal Trade Commission (FTC) spokesman put it. I was here on the reservation at the request of BIA representatives, who had asked me to cover the investigation after my two previous *Free Press* articles on hearings about oppression of Indians that took place in Los Angeles two months ago.

The hearings were held at seven different locations. With Window Rock as focal point, the probe continued outward within a radius of 100 miles to Shiprock, Kayenta, Crownpoint, Tuba City, Pinon and Chinle.

The consumer witnesses were all Navajo, and mostly women. For a solid week, these people testified in the Navajo language (with an interpreter) to the travesties suffered upon them by the traders. The classic story went like this: "I asked about my welfare check at McKee's Trading Post, and Mr. McKee said it had arrived. I was asked to thumbprint it, and Mr. McKee took it back. He said that part of it went to pay for goods I had purchased on credit, and the rest was credited to my account for future purchases. I never have received any cash from my checks, and I do not know what I owe or what amount of credit remains on my account until the trader tells me."

To investigate the "shady" business practices allegedly employed by the traders at the brutal expense of the Indian, the FTC joined forces with the BIA (Bureau of Indian Affairs) to conduct what evolved into an emotionally charged probe with strong overtones of racism, oppression and elitism. Among the various and sundry ripoffs of which the traders were accused, the most common were: unlawful retention of welfare checks, artificially inflated prices for goods; violation of the Truth-in-Lending Act; excessively high interest rates; false debit entries for "purchases," and illegal disposition of "dead pawn."

There are about 125,000 inhabitants on the Navajo Reservation in Window Rock. It is the largest reservation in the country. An estimated \$20 million yearly is poured into this reservation by the federal government in keeping with treaties made over 100 years ago. Yet the citizens of this community are living in abject poverty with all its accompanying factors of poor nutrition, inadequate housing, improper medical attention, high rate of infant mortality.

In testimony after testimony the subhuman enslavement of the Navajo by the trader was grotesquely and innocently detailed by these stoic, gentle-spirited, highly artistic people... who freely sowed their culture into the roots of this country and reaped bondage in return.

The trading post is an institution in reservation life. Often it is the sole means of barter within a fifty-mile radius, which allows the owner a monopoly over the people within that distance. Thus the prices of food and clothing are fixed on nothing but the whim of the individual trader. Needless to say, the whims are extravagant.

According to the testimony of Dr. Adlowe Larson, economics expert, reservation prices average 27% higher than in stores in average U.S. cities. The cheapest pound of coffee, for example, on a reservation was priced at \$1.29. The average per capita income on the Navajo reservation in 1970 was \$1,000 as compared to \$4,000 in the average U.S. city that year. At those prices and with that income, how does anyone survive? Barely.

Here's the way the system works. The trader naturally knows all of the inhabitants within his vicinity. He customarily makes a deal with the local post office to have all the mail, or at least welfare checks of his customers, sent directly to him. (Most of the Navajos receive welfare). Often he does not inform the customer of the arrival of the welfare check, until it suits him. According to dozens of witnesses the customer is then asked to thumbprint his check as endorsement. (Most of the Navajos cannot read and write English, casting suspicion on the federally funded schools that were designed to Christianize and make "literate" the Navajo Nation). The trader then confiscates the check, presents the customer with a verbal account of his tab in the store since no receipts are given. The customer simply has to take the trader's word for the amount that he

redeem it only three weeks after pawning it. A while later, she saw a woman relative of the trader wearing it at a fair that she attended.

"Lost pawn" is a popular trader sport. After he gets through ripping off the Indians of their wares, he works the tourists, in another part of the reservation in gift shops where the Indians' "lost pawn" is advertised as "dead pawn" and sold to tourists for prices averaging 40% more than the purchase. (Dead pawn is a term used for items not claimed after six months.)

Another woman cited that a trader had torn off her blouse for her attempt to obtain her check.

On another occasion the trader threatened the customer by saying he could not buy at the post. Since there is no other resource for goods and often no transportation for the Indian, he is totally dependent upon the trader. Thus the fear of retaliation has consistently kept the Navajos from complaining publicly until now.

What happens when the welfare check is milked, and the customer needs food, and his "credit" has reached maximum? The next step in the cycle is pawn. Pawning has always been part and parcel of reservation life. And the pawnbroker is none other than... you guessed it! The trader changes hats from grocer to postmaster to banker to pawnbroker... all in a day's work.

The Navajos are fantastic artisans especially noted for their rug and blanket weaving, and their fashioning of turquoise and silver jewelry. They bring these objects to the post, and the trader will offer them some money. For example, one woman testified that a trader gave her one hundred dollars (not in cash, in credit, of course) for a blanket that she later saw for sale in another store for six hundred dollars.

Now, according to federal regulations, the pawn ticket must include these items: date of transaction, nature of object pawned, amount loaned, and market value as agreed upon between Navajo and trader. Under the Truth-in-Lending Law, the amount of annual interest must be stated. Traders are required to hold pawn for six months. Interest rates vary and again appear to follow the whims of the pawnbroker. Some charge up to 30% per month, equal to an annual rate of 360% investigations disclosed. There was not a pawn ticket to be found in the course of the probe that supplied all of the information. Usually the market value of the pawn and the rate of interest were missing.

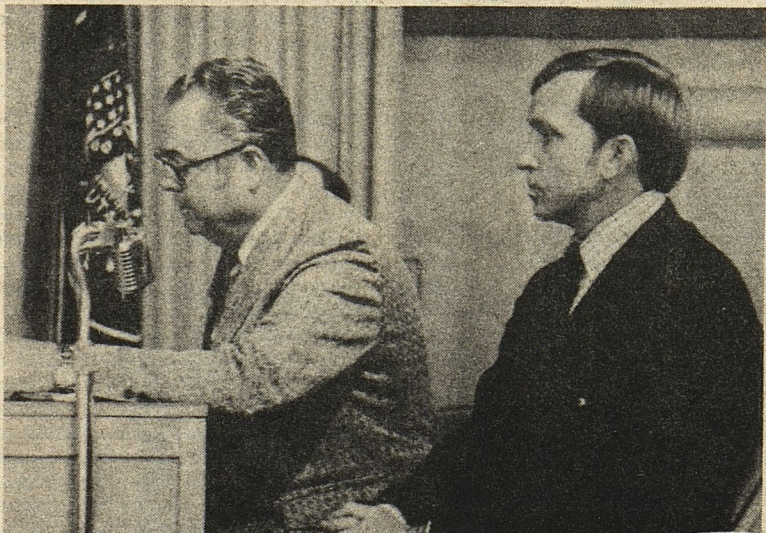
Andrew Woody, an elderly Indian, his hair pulled back and wrapped in tight white bandage-like cotton at the nape of his neck in the traditional Navajo knot, testified to a "lost pawn" situation in which he was victimized. He said that he had pawned a concho belt worth \$225. When he returned to redeem the object within the legal amount of time, he was told that the belt had been lost. He was offered no reimbursement for it. In addition he stated that nine items of jewelry valued at \$600 were all reported lost in the same manner. He said that he had never told anyone about these losses before the hearing because he was unaware of the regulations.

Another woman described how a beaded necklace worth about \$900 was "lost" even though she came to

The trader, who knows his clients well, can estimate their annual income with reasonable accuracy. He knows how much wool their sheep will yield and how many rugs a woman will thereby produce. He is aware of an individual's government subsidy and season off-reservation labor. He can thus determine how much "credit" to extend in terms of how much profit is in the "take." The cycle of bondage, once having been established, is virtually impossible to break.

multitude of laws, regulations on how we, the Navajo people, should conduct ourselves, and then fails to establish a system by which our people could seek remedy for the vast injustices done to them through abusive and illegal business practices of the traders. It seems to me that the United States has protected by this failure, the trading post... and our tribal leaders are not so innocent in this failure."

Bureau officials as well as tribal officials were attacked for their



Austin Roberts (left), attorney for United Traders Association; (right) a trader

Photo by Helen Koblin



Peterson Zah, exec. director of DNA.

Photo by Ben Aliza

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Skeptical about the sincerity of the current investigation, Zah stated: "If this investigation produced some tough regulations and a way to be sure that they are enforced, this would be a new role for the BIA. It has been twenty-five years since the BIA used the power of the law to stop the Tribe from protecting its members from the traders. Use it now to help us, and allow us to help ourselves."

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(please turn to page 8)



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Photo by Helen Koblin

In addition, there is strong evidence that the trader will pad the bill of the customer. One Navajo testified that she had not shopped at a particular trading post for six months, yet when she returned, her bill had increased considerably during that six month period.

One woman told of how she was physically intimidated by a trader when she asked to have her own welfare check. She was grabbed by the trader and held inside the store until she released the check.

mother of yours, who is wise and dignified, you fear him more and you think that your Navajo sense of dignity must be insignificant if the trader can take it so easily from you."

During the course of the week's hearings, the conflict of interest amongst the tribal officials increasingly emerged. Charley John, President of SID, stated: "It escapes my comprehension entirely when the United States government, which has certain treaty obligations to protect our interest, adopts a

reclaim our interest, adopts a

The reality of reservation

Navajo Indians reduced to serfdom by white traders

HELEN KOBLIN

"The traders are a bastard gentry, begotten through the rape of Navajo society," proclaimed Michael Benson, a Navajo youth, last week, August 28, at a hearing in Window Rock, Arizona, where the 150 traders on the 15-million acre Indian reservation were called upon by government officials for the first time in history to answer allegations of abuse of the Navajo people.

It was difficult to accept that the unique beauty of the Arizona-New

Mexico desert terrain with its red and purple-hued mesas, smogless skies and fiery sinking suns, provides the background for a network of exploitation "worse than any colonial economy of the 19th century," as one Federal Trade Commission (FTC) spokesman put it. I was here on the reservation at the request of BIA representatives, who had asked me to cover the investigation after my two previous *Free Press* articles on hearings about oppression of Indians that took place in Los Angeles two months ago.

The hearings were held at seven different locations. With Window Rock as focal point, the probe continued outward within a radius of 100 miles to Shiprock, Kayenta, Crownpoint, Tuba City, Pinon and Chinle.

The consumer witnesses were all Navajo, and mostly women. For a solid week, these people testified in the Navajo language (with an interpreter) to the travesties suffered upon them by the traders. The classic story went like this: "I asked about my welfare check at McKee's Trading Post, and Mr. McKee said it had arrived. I was asked to thumbprint it, and Mr. McKee took it back. He said that part of it went to pay for goods I had purchased on credit, and the rest was credited to my account for future purchases. I never have received any cash from my checks, and I do not know what I owe or what amount of credit remains on my account until the trader tells me."

To investigate the "shady" business practices allegedly employed by the traders at the brutal expense of the Indian, the FTC joined forces with the BIA (Bureau of Indian Affairs) to conduct what evolved into an emotionally charged probe with strong overtones of racism, oppression and elitism. Among the various and sundry ripoffs of which the traders were accused, the most common were: unlawful retention of welfare checks, artificially inflated prices for goods; violation of the Truth-in-Lending Act; excessively high interest rates; false debit entries for "purchases," and illegal disposition of "dead pawn."

There are about 125,000 inhabitants on the Navajo Reservation in Window Rock. It is the largest reservation in the country. An estimated \$20 million yearly is poured into this reservation by the federal government in keeping with treaties made over 100 years ago. Yet the citizens of this community are living in abject poverty with all its accompanying factors of poor nutrition, inadequate housing, improper medical attention, high rate of infant mortality.

In testimony after testimony the subhuman enslavement of the Navajo by the trader was grotesquely and innocently detailed by these stoic, gentle-spirited, highly artistic people... who freely sowed their culture into the roots of this country and reaped bondage in return.

The trading post is an institution in reservation life. Often it is the sole means of barter within a fifty-mile radius, which allows the owner a monopoly over the people within that distance. Thus the prices of food and clothing are fixed on nothing but the whim of the individual trader. Needless to say, the whims are extravagant.

According to the testimony of Dr. Adlowe Larson, economics expert, reservation prices average 27% higher than in stores in average U.S. cities. The cheapest pound of coffee, for example, on a reservation was priced at \$1.29. The average per capita income on the Navajo reservation in 1970 was \$1,000 as compared to \$4,000 in the average U.S. city that year. At those prices and with that income, how does anyone survive? Barely.

Here's the way the system works. The trader naturally knows all of the inhabitants within his vicinity. He customarily makes a deal with the local post office to have all the mail, or at least welfare checks of his customers, sent directly to him. (Most of the Navajos receive welfare). Often he does not inform the customer of the arrival of the welfare check, until it suits him. According to dozens of witnesses the customer is then asked to thumbprint his check as endorsement. (Most of the Navajos cannot read and write English, casting suspicion on the federally funded schools that were designed to Christianize and make "literate" the Navajo Nation). The trader then confiscates the check, presents the customer with a verbal account of his tab in the store since no receipts are given. The customer simply has to take the trader's word for the amount that he

redeem it only three weeks after pawning it. A while later, she saw a woman relative of the trader wearing it at a fair that she attended.

"Lost pawn" is a popular trader sport. After he gets through ripping off the Indians of their wares, he works the tourists, in another part of the reservation in gift shops where the Indians' "lost pawn" is advertised as "dead pawn" and sold to tourists for prices averaging 40% more than the purchase. (Dead pawn is a term used for items not claimed after six months.)

Another woman cited that a trader had torn off her blouse for her attempt to obtain her check.

On another occasion the trader threatened the customer by saying he could not buy at the post. Since there is no other resource for goods and often no transportation for the Indian, he is totally dependent upon the trader. Thus the fear of retaliation has consistently kept the Navajos from complaining publicly until now.

What happens when the welfare check is milked, and the customer needs food, and his "credit" has reached maximum? The next step in the cycle is pawn. Pawning has always been part and parcel of reservation life. And the pawnbroker is none other than... you guessed it! The trader changes hats from grocer to postmaster to banker to pawnbroker... all in a day's work.

The Navajos are fantastic artisans especially noted for their rug and blanket weaving, and their fashioning of turquoise and silver jewelry. They bring these objects to the post, and the trader will offer them some money. For example, one woman testified that a trader gave her one hundred dollars (not in cash, in credit, of course) for a blanket that she later saw for sale in another store for six hundred dollars.

Now, according to federal regulations, the pawn ticket must include these items: date of transaction, nature of object pawned, amount loaned, and market value as agreed upon between Navajo and trader. Under the Truth-in-Lending Law, the amount of annual interest must be stated. Traders are required to hold pawn for six months. Interest rates vary and again appear to follow the whims of the pawnbroker. Some charge up to 30% per month, equal to an annual rate of 360% investigations disclosed. There was not a pawn ticket to be found in the course of the probe that supplied all of the information. Usually the market value of the pawn and the rate of interest were missing.

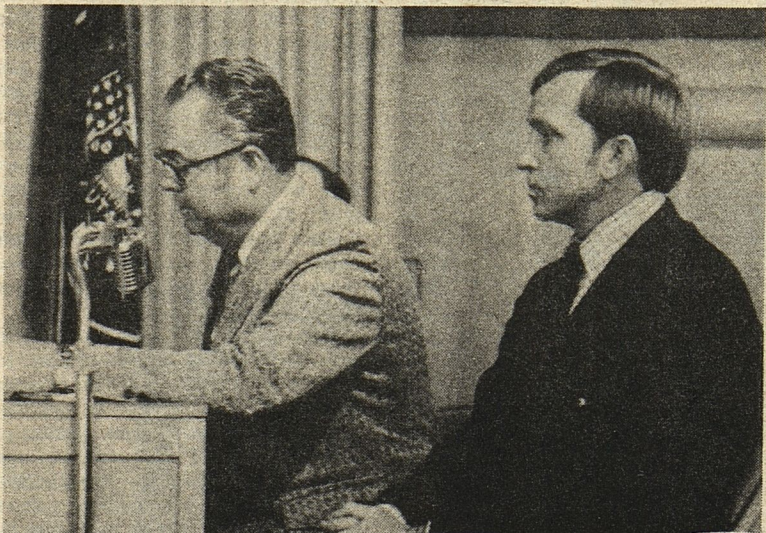
Andrew Woody, an elderly Indian, his hair pulled back and wrapped in tight white bandage-like cotton at the nape of his neck in the traditional Navajo knot, testified to a "lost pawn" situation in which he was victimized. He said that he had pawned a concho belt worth \$225. When he returned to redeem the object within the legal amount of time, he was told that the belt had been lost. He was offered no reimbursement for it. In addition he stated that nine items of jewelry valued at \$600 were all reported lost in the same manner. He said that he had never told anyone about these losses before the hearing because he was unaware of the regulations.

Another woman described how a beaded necklace worth about \$900 was "lost" even though she came to

The trader, who knows his clients well, can estimate their annual income with reasonable accuracy. He knows how much wool their sheep will yield and how many rugs a woman will thereby produce. He is aware of an individual's government subsidy and season off-reservation labor. He can thus determine how much "credit" to extend in terms of how much profit is in the "take." The cycle of bondage, once having been established, is virtually impossible to break.

multitude of laws, regulations on how we, the Navajo people, should conduct ourselves, and then fails to establish a system by which our people could seek remedy for the vast injustices done to them through abusive and illegal business practices of the traders. It seems to me that the United States has protected by this failure, the trading post... and our tribal leaders are not so innocent in this failure."

Bureau officials as well as tribal officials were attacked for their



Austin Roberts (left), attorney for United Traders Association; (right) a trader

Photo by Helen Koblin



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Photo by Helen Koblin

Navajo Indians reduced to serfdom by white traders

(continued from page 7)
group that was out here.

Prior to this investigation, when was the last time you had any such discussion?

I honestly couldn't tell you.
Do you deal with the DNA?
Somewhat.

Have you ever had any discussion with a DNA member concerning unfair practices on the trading post?

Possibly, I did.

Do you recall with whom?

No, in fact, I have had very little discussion with them directly in recent years.

Is it the policy of your office on the reservation to cooperate with DNA?

Yes.

Whom do you deal with at DNA?

Various people, I can recall some

Can you give us two or three names?

Well, there's Richard Collins ... the most recent one ...

Rick Collins?

That's right.

Peterson Zah?

I haven't had any dealings with him, God, for several years.

Is it your understanding that the Bureau of Indian Affairs in Washington desires you to cooperate very closely with the DNA here?

They have asked us to cooperate with everyone here as to the best interests of the Navajo tribe.

Were you ever asked to show some papers from our file to the people from the DNA office?

That's entirely possible.

And what papers did they wish to see?

Well, I do know we received requests to show leases to them.

Did you honor those requests?

If we received consent of any of the parties to those leases.

Are you saying that you can not show a lease to a DNA person without the consent of all the parties to that lease?

I said any of the parties.

Did you ever refuse to show DNA



Photo by Ben Aliza

the leases?

Only when they requested information without getting consent from the lessor or lessee.

Are you familiar with the Public Information Act?

Yes, sir.

Did you research the question or did you ask someone from BIA in Washington to research the question, or ask a solicitor in the Interior Department to research the question ... as to whether you were required by the Public Information Act to show these leases to the DNA?

I did ask the solicitor.

And what did he say?

He said without the consent of the lessor or lessee, you can not.

And what was the name of the solicitor?

It was the field solicitor in Albuquerque.

What's his name?

It would be a Mr. Ortega ... I'm sure either he or someone else in his office gave me this information.

Did you receive a written letter from him?

I do not believe I got a written opinion on it.

Did you ask for one?

I'm not certain.

How did you get his opinion? Was it over the telephone?

I believe it was over the telephone.

Did you pursue the matter any further?

No.

Have you ever heard Navajos complain about being treated unfairly with respect to pawn?

Well, I don't think you could be around the Navajo reservation without having read newspapers and heard implications either way.

Does that mean the answer to my question is "yes?"

That depends on how you wish to interpret it ...

Has it come to your attention that

Navajo consumers have difficulty with pawn on the trading post?

It has not come to my attention in terms of specific complaints.

How did it come to your attention?

By reading newspapers.

Don't you take those newspaper articles seriously?



Reporter Bob Jones of The Los Angeles Times (moustache) also covered the Indian hearings and was caught unaware by photographer Ben Aliza playing White Trader in a trading post.

Well, newspapers are in business to sell newspapers.

Does that mean that you did not take them seriously?

I would say I took them seriously up to a certain extent; other parts I would not take seriously.

Then are you saying that you believe that there was not a serious problem in pawning?

I do believe that there is a problem in pawning.

How long have you believed that?

Oh, four or five years.

What have you done about it?

We've um, cooperated with the solicitor and the area director in attempting to draft credit regulations in regard to pawn.

When did that take place?

I can't tell you the exact date, but it's within the last two ... three years.

And what were the results of that?

I believe it's still there in Washington.

Then there have been no results?

I wouldn't go so far as to say that ... I say there have been no direct results.

Are there any indirect results?

Yes.

Tell me what they are.

I believe that they are attempting to set up a new set of regulations to cover all of this.

Over the last eight years, have you received directly or indirectly anything in the way of complaints from Navajo consumers about unfair practices on trading posts?

We may have, yes, I'm sure over eight years we may have.

What did you do about them?



Photo by Helen Koblin

We followed through on any that we have received.

Give me an example on how you followed through.

Well, basically we would attempt to follow through by contacting the individual either directly or through our agency.

In eight years, can you remember a single complaint from a Navajo consumer that was said to be valid?

I can't recall a single complaint sent in to me by a Navajo consumer at this point.

Did the DNA refer any complaints to you?

Normally, the complaints do not come to us directly; they come to the area director's office.

Then you did get complaints from the area director's office?

I really can't recall. Look, we handle several hundred thousand items a year and I really can't pick out a single item and say "I remember this" ... if it hasn't happened in the last three months or so.

Is it your understanding that some of the tribal council is indebted to the traders for thousands of dollars?

Well, I could never prove a statement like that.

Didn't you tell that to Mr. Zervas on August third?

I've heard the word used loosely

traders. When asked how abusive traders were "dealt with", Austin said, "They are expelled." When asked how many had been expelled, Austin said, "none."

The most powerful tirade against the traders was delivered in an unscheduled statement by Dennis Banks, National Director of AIM (The American Indian Movement). "The criminals have to be exposed on every reservation. The traders are extortionists! Forcing Indians to trade their entire monthly income for garbage merchandise is not my idea of a free enterprise system. This system of aiding, abetting and harboring a beehive of criminals has got to be destroyed. The constant propagation of stereotypes must end today. The giant billboards which advertise wine, liquor and Indian Arts and Crafts on the same sign must come down. It seems that white citizens that are bilked of their cash on their vacations by those quick change artists would also take some action."

Banks called for immediate arrests of traders who were found to be violators. He indicted Interior Solicitors for their massive inaction. He demanded immediate closing of all trading posts until the hearings are over. He also demanded reparations of one million dollars per year to be paid to the Tribe by traders for the next ten years.

Implications of sellout Indian Tribal officials ran hot throughout the hearings, but the political "infighting" did not dim the primary issue, the systematic and total subjugation of the highly cultured Navajo Civilization by white traders, whose concept of status and power rests not only on money, but on their ability to reduce a society to its knees in serfdom. These hearings will continue at reservations throughout the country. Future action taken on the findings of the investigation at Window Rock will set historical precedent on reservations, hopefully in freeing all Indians from bondage to a dark-age fiefdom who stalks the twentieth century as a "trader."

(For further information, contact Mark Banks, Bureau of Indian Affairs, 300 Los Angeles Street, Los Angeles.)

Pentagon Papers films to premiere

RON RIDENOUR

The Pentagon Papers trial has been postponed pending a Supreme Court decision on government wiretapping of the defense but the case has not died. The defense committee and a film company called the American Documentary Films is sponsoring a world premier of the new film, "The Pentagon Papers and American Democracy: Conversations with Daniel Ellsberg," and "So the People Should Know."

New star from Lenny, Sandy Baron, will host the Sept. 17 event at the Aquarius Theater, Sunset and Vine, at 7:30 p.m. The Sunday premier also features Rob Reiner, Archie Bunker's "Meathead" son-in-law and former member of The Committee, who will perform with The Committee in "End the War."

Defendants Daniel Ellsberg and Tony Russo will be on hand for the fund-raiser. Tickets range from \$5 to \$10. Contributions of larger sums are also asked for. All proceeds will be split between the defense committee and the ADF. The film company is in the hole from producing the 55 minute film. The Aquarius theater is charging minimal expenses.

Baron will entertain the audience with a scene from Lenny called "information speech."

"So the People Should Know" is a shorter film and was produced by the defense committee. It concentrates on public interviews by the former Rand Corporation employees. They ask people on the street their opinions about the case and the government contention about the absolute need and right for secrecy.

ADF chairman Jerry Stoll directed the first film. It is an interview with Ellsberg in his Connecticut home

with flashbacks to Vietnam. Ellsberg addresses himself to "middle America" and to those responsible for the war in Southeast Asia. He contends that if he could change, everybody can.

Public relations worker Kitty Howe who recently set up an ADF office in LA (headquarters are in San Francisco and another branch is in New York) said that the company and the defense hope to reach people such as John Wayne. She said the film starts off showing Ellsberg's commitment to his country, his patriotism, and delineates the evolution which brought him to the point of revealing the genocidal character of the war. His opposition to the war and his individual act of courage does not make him less patriotic in his view.

"The day comes when you begin to ask and demand to know a very good reason why Americans are exercising police powers in Vietnam. God knows they hadn't been elected to do that and they don't feel the responsibility for providing good government or any other services. But what they were providing were handcuffs. We provide that in a lot of parts of the world today," Ellsberg says in the film.

One of the key points that Ellsberg and Russo make is that the war is not winding down. Ellsberg says that "I had been told by the people in the administration that this was essentially a hoax." "Our media collaborated," he says. "But I think the public was sold by newspapermen who were simply recording White House sources without criticism, without scepticism ..."

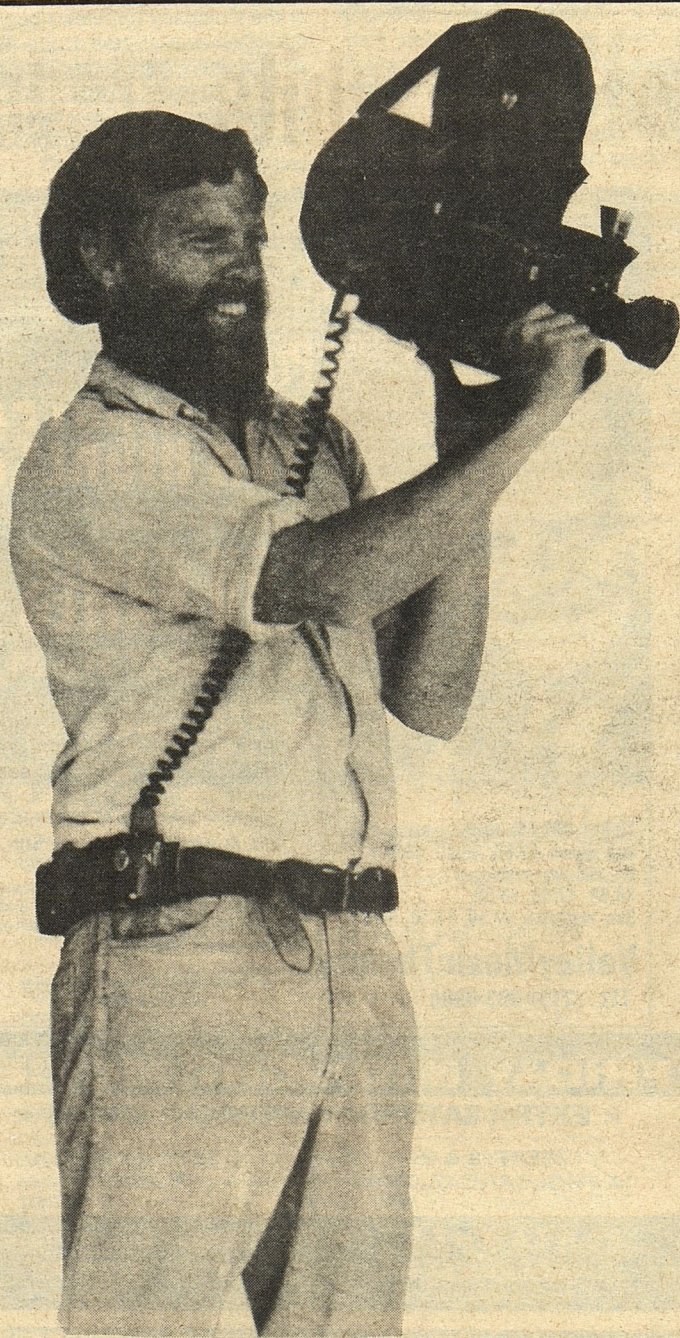
American Documentary Films started in 1966 and has produced eight feature films including, "Sons and Daughters." It distributes scores of films independently made which focus on social problems and people's issues. It forms a coalition with activist groups to "build alternative media." One of its most recent activities was the New York festival of Cuban films in March. The federal government confiscated all the films and stopped the performances. A suit is pending against the government. The federal agents entered the New York theater on the first night of the 10 day festival while "Lucia" was showing. (It is a movie portraying the role of women in Cuba's many fights for independence from 1895 to the 1960's). ADF does not anticipate this problem at their premier on the Pentagon case.



Lawrence Lipton's column will return next week

From the man who gave you 'Monterey Pop' and 'Don't Look Back'

Pennebaker in aspic



BILL YARAYAN

"I'm a man."

Bo Diddley

"I love you like a hog loves slop."

Jerry Lee Lewis

"Long live rock and roll."

Chuck Berry

"Oh my soul."

Little Richard

"The heart of these films is the subject. That's really what they should be about. To write non-fiction about an uninteresting guy has got to be the world's worst letdown. You'd never write a story about him. Why make a movie about him?"

Donn Alan Pennebaker

D.A. Pennebaker, filmmaker of *Don't Look Back* and *Monterey Pop*, has released a new film, *Keep On Rockin'*, of an old event, the Toronto Pop Festival two years ago. Unlike *Monterey Pop* and its descendent, *Woodstock*, the film is not about the event but about four of the performers: Bo Diddley, Jerry Lee Lewis, Chuck Berry and Little Richard.

"The thing in a film like this is to concentrate and to focus down and not to make it more than it is."

Keep on Rockin' is almost all performance with an occasional look at the crowd to gauge their reaction. Recognizing that feedback is integral to a performance, Pennebaker miked the audience as well as the musicians and the total sound, excellently reproduced on four-track tape, is what you would hear at the actual concert, only much more.

"Originally the film was going to be called *Keep On Rockin'* because I really dug that title, because it was kind of a theme song. When Janis came to see it I scribbled the title on the end of the film, just wrote it on the frame, and it really knocked her out."

The film as it was first edited included John Lennon and Yoko Ono who were at the festival.

"I had this really fantastic display by Lennon and Yoko. They really had nothing to do with the four central performers in the film, and neither did some of the others I didn't include like Doug Kershaw, Tony Joe White, Alice Cooper and the Doors.

"I took the film to London and showed it to John and Yoko, and he really loved it. We all sat around on the floor. He was great, he was like a guy taking his girl back to high school, showing her all his childhood heroes. He had a big jukebox in the kitchen and all it had on it were records by Chuck Berry, Bo Diddley and Little Richard. The only thing there was any worry about was the mix on their section.

Spector was going to mix it.

"With Lennon in the film what I had was very theatrical, much more theatrical than rock and roll, and *Keep On Rockin'* somehow didn't suit it, so we called the film *Sweet Toronto* which kind of described the whole experience.

"Fate changed the title for me, in the form of Allen Klein simply not answering his fucking phone. Oh we talked to him, hey, we talked to him a couple of times, and he agreed to take the film on. Then we never heard from him for six months. We would get cryptic phone calls. His secretary would call up and say, 'Allen Klein is going to call you next week.' That's it, you didn't hear from him.

"I called John a couple of times and I said, 'listen, would you just mind telling me what's going on with your so-called agent?' He said he didn't know, he didn't want to get in to it. You have just so much time for those games and I can't afford it. That film should have been released years ago."

Sweet Toronto was shown at film festivals in Dallas and London and one night at Carnegie Hall in New York. It opened as *Keep On Rockin'* for the first time anywhere in Los Angeles last week and will open shortly in San Diego, Pennebaker distributes his own films, a sometimes slow and tedious process, city by city. He is more interested in control of his work rather than mass exposure.

Film critics, particularly those for the show business trade papers, are a bit mystified by Pennebaker's films.

"They aren't movies as we've known them. They're not really concerts but they're trying to be concert experiences as opposed to movie experiences which is story experience. These films are more like home movies. They're for you to put into them what you want to put into them, and if you're musically-minded you get that out. But they have got to be an entity as a film. Just because your aims are unorthodox doesn't mean you can make them totally incoherent. They have to be about one thing, so the discipline is very complicated.

"The purpose of film when it was first put together was to proliferate drama. You had a play in New York and eighty-eight people saw it and that was the end of it. Movies suddenly meant you could put the play on the screen and eighty-eight million people could see it. The movie itself wasn't an art form.

"In *Keep On Rockin'* you've got a

chance of using film, which works pretty well, to really see Chuck Berry, to see what he looks like when he's singing and to get a sense of him, whereas in a concert you don't see and hear him as well. What you get is kind of a chemistry of being present in a concert which is OK, that will always persist. I don't think this film is a substitute for a concert. People that go to concerts are going to say 'fuck a movie.' Ultimately the way that this will be done will be with some sort of video cassette. Make your own concert. But this movie is sort of an interim thing."

Donn Pennebaker looks much younger than the 47 years stated in his biography. Maybe it's the beard and maybe it's the enthusiasm he projects about the projects he has been involved in, past and present. He grew up in Chicago and graduated from Yale as a mechanical engineer. He worked as an engineer, had his own electronics company, and wrote technical books for an advertising agency.

"I started listening to music when I was little. I used to collect records. I've got about 4,000 78's in my studio, music of the 20's, 30's and 40's by people like Billie Holiday, Benny Goodman, Fletcher Henderson. The number of LP's released now is so ridiculous it's purposeless to collect them. If you love one you know that next week there will be a golden oldies issue that will cover everything you lost anyway.

"Half the films I've ever made have had something to do with music. The first film I ever did in my life (*Daybreak Express*, 1953) was done to music by Duke Ellington. I had a record of his I had always loved. When the moment came that I had a couple of roles of film and was going to make a film I knew this record very well, I knew every aspect of it. What I wanted to do was shoot a film which would be about something, in this case a ride on a subway, with that music in the back of my head. I didn't want to cut it or edit it later, and I didn't want it to be as obvious as going with the tempo of the music. That was something you do in editing later, and I wanted to eliminate that editing step. I think it destroys some quality, some possibility in a film. It loses whatever it is that the music has alone. So I shot the film, trying to do it as one single film, and it doesn't quite work. But most of it works, and later when I went back and finally made a print of it, I had it for a number of years just sitting around in the original, I was amazed at how much of it was uncut. I also made a film of Dave Lambert (of Lambert, Hendricks and Ross) and of a trumpet player from Synanon."

Pennebaker assisted film maker Francis Thompson, made documentaries for the YWCA and the Girl Scouts, helped Gypsy Rose Lee put together old home movies to make her life story, went to Russia with Albert Maysles to make a film and met Richard Leacock who was filming Leonard Bernstein. Between 1959 and 1963, Pennebaker, Maysles and Leacock with Robert Drew of Drew Associates filmed for *Time/Life* the "Living Camera" series seen on ABC-TV. After leaving Drew Associates, Pennebaker filmed Timothy Leary's wedding "as a kind of a pageant and edited it as a mystery," and titled the resulting twelve-minute show, *You're Nobody 'Till Somebody Loves You*."

In 1965 Bob Dylan's manager, Albert Grossman, approached Pennebaker to make a film from Dylan's spring tour of England. Looking back, it was a significant period in the singer's career, on the cusp between acoustic and electric music.

"Do you remember in *Don't Look Back* when we were in Edinburgh and Dylan looks at the electric guitars in the window of the store? 'Look at that!' He was really knocked out by electric guitars. Alan (Price, of the Animals) thought he was crazy. The British Groups had already gotten into electric guitars. Dylan really dug Jerry Lee Lewis. He liked that hard kind of offensive quality that Lewis put in a song. That

intrigued him. He used to like to do that himself, to get double meanings into song, to kind of deliberately make it funky.

"Dylan and I sat down in a bar one night to discuss the film, but we never worked out how I was going to do it. It kind of evolved as I went along, although I knew I was simply going to watch what happened. It was going to be a watching film. Dylan knew that the camera couldn't touch him, it didn't worry him for a second. He'd take that camera into his bedroom and have it watch him fucking a dog. It doesn't bother him. Which isn't a putdown of Dylan.

"You don't try to get everything on film, you'd get thrown out. You're not trying to unmask people, the camera is not an instant keyhole. The trick to that kind of film is to shoot as little as you have to. Because what you're really after is something that's going to happen. You're not going to catch it accidentally. Pressure makes you try to shoot everything. You have to lay back and figure you're going to miss ninety percent of what happens and there's still a film there. The business is not just to shoot film. The business is to end up with an insight or something, in which the only way of showing it is with film.

"The Beatles came up to the hotel one night and we never shot a foot of film. It just didn't seem a good idea. The film wasn't going to be about the Beatles. I didn't want to lay that pressure on Dylan or the Beatles. Everybody was afraid that was going to happen, that this was a big moment and we were going to capitalize on it. All the Beatles saw in anything like that was promotional ripoff. Rather than bring pressure into the situation, we just put the cameras aside and hung out. I know John was really intrigued by that. I considered it a film judgement because in the end that's how you get your film, by those judgements. To catch someone in some attitude or act that might be sensational to sell your film is not really what I'm doing a film for. That's a different kind of movie, a different kind of journalism, and if you're going to do that you have to have a telephoto lens and be like the *Paris Match* photographers. It isn't that you censor. It's just like hanging out with people. You don't follow them into the bathroom.

"The first time Donovan came to the hotel Dylan wouldn't let me film, the only time he said no filming. Everyone in the room had put on these little Halloween masks, and it was very heavy. Donovan was like a child and Dylan couldn't bring himself to lean on him after that. He really dug him. One night we were sitting around and Dylan had stopped toying with him and had begun to listen to him, although I also think he was bored. Donovan played a song he had written. It kills me that I couldn't record it on film. The tune was just like "Mr. Tambourine Man" but the words went "tangerine eyes, my darling tangerine eyes." Dylan, Bob Neuwirth and myself sat there choking ourselves, trying not to break up because he sang it very straight. Dylan just sat there looking at him and didn't crack. And he said, 'That tune sounds a little familiar.' Donovan said, 'Yeah, I think I heard one sort of like it at your concert last year.' Dylan said, 'Most of my songs I don't write myself. I just steal the tunes from somebody. But that's one I did write and I don't think you ought to sing that song.' I never heard it again, I'm sure. I flashed for a moment and Dylan was intrigued, because Dylan thought that maybe this cat was putting it to him, maybe he was a lot smarter and tougher than we thought. It was the closest they ever got to a kind of mutual examination. And from then on they played out the scene. Donovan hung around, he slept right in the room for two days. One morning he woke up and said, 'This is all I ever want. Right here.'"

Two years later Pennebaker made *Monterey Pop*, a filmed record of the now legendary Monterey Pop Festival. It was the first well-done rock film and spawned a host of

others from *Woodstock* to *Mad Dogs and Englishmen*, *Gimmie Shelter*, *Medicine Ball Caravan* and *Fillmore*.

"Bob Rafelson, the 'Monkees' producer, called me from Los Angeles and said Lou Adler was going to do this concert and was I interested in making a film of it. So I said I don't know, it's a job sure. I came out and met Lou and John Phillips. It wasn't immediately made clear to me what was wanted. They were looking to sell to ABC a television show, to make the show for a fee, they would pay me for the show, and then the profit was going to carry the concert. I had some hesitations. It just didn't seem to me you could make a good television show out of pop music unless you ended up with the Association and Lou Rawls.

"Then I went up to the Monterey Fairgrounds and hung around a little bit with Lou and John and talked to some people and I began to get the feeling this was going to be an important event, and that for any reason or excuse we should try to do it. We shot it as a feature film, I wasn't thinking of television or anything else. I just shot any performance we could get our hands on. I had a sense that there was a historical process going on. I didn't have any real interest in the sociological aspects of Monterey. Maysles did, and Leacock a little. I let people film around the place. I was mostly into the performances. We were stuck because later they weren't able to pay us for the movie. ABC-TV said it was too underground. The film has since been commercially successful. We got paid back our money.

"I was approached about Woodstock. I was more interested in seeing it done than doing it myself. I didn't want to become the master of pop music films. I knew Woodstock was important because everybody was showing up and there were some really heavy vibrations coming down. We tried to help them convince the town to let them do it, and at one point I remember getting somebody to drive up a print of *Monterey Pop* to show the mayor. I also didn't want to become involved because I could smell some problems, could tell that money was going to intrude. The thing that Lou and John did at Monterey that was so unique was they kept the money problem out. That's the hardest thing to do. Everybody grooved on it. At Monterey Janis had this manager who was really a creep and he wouldn't let her be filmed. Albert Grossman, who then was not a particularly great fan of Lou Adler's, went to Janis and said, 'Listen, whatever happens, you've got to let him make this film.' And she went out and did the whole act again. So she went on twice. That was a fantastic thing for Albert to do. It was somebody else's festival and he didn't have anything to do with her. He just did it because at that point his instincts told him, 'Jesus, this is fantastic.' And it wasn't happening at Woodstock. All I heard them saying was 'I want mine.' Films are really heart breaking, and to get into a film and have somebody say to you, 'well you've got to cut out Janis,' I didn't want to get into that to start with, so I backed off.

"I spent a week with the Rolling Stones in Los Angeles before *Gimmie Shelter*. We were going to do that film, but I couldn't think of anything to do except shoot some concerts. Mick was really looking for a cameraman, and Maysles is a really good cameraman. Bob Frank who went on the recent tour is a good film maker."

Pennebaker began negotiations with the Toronto Pop Festival organizers less than a week before the concert was to begin.

"I was just saying no automatically to anything remotely like Monterey. But this guy said 'we're going to have Chuck Berry and Bo Diddley and maybe Jerry Lee Lewis.' I had really wanted to film those guys. That's what I should be doing. These guys are not getting exposed like Blood, Sweat and Tears and all the

(please turn to page 12)

Theatre Happenings

LLOYD STEELE

In order to clear away some of the confusion about what has transpired since the Equity decision to do away with restrictions on theatres with less than 99 seats, I called Dexter Freeman, who has recently been elected president of the as yet unnamed league of workshop theatres. First, however, to clear up the entire matter, a little background. Because of the original code restrictions, you've probably never even heard of most of the professional workshops in Los Angeles: They were allowed to band together to practice their craft, but they could not perform in theatres with more than 49 seats; they could give no more than nine performances; they could not advertise (not even a casual listing in a calendar section in any of the newspapers), and they could not charge admission, or ask for a donation of any sort.

The "showcase" theatres in New York could ask for such a donation, and the western advisory board of Equity asked for a waiver of the code restrictions here in LA. That request was denied by the national headquarters in New York, but enough signatures were obtained on a petition here to force a general meeting on July 9. With only three dissenting votes out of more than 300 in attendance, a resolution was passed asking the national organization to re-consider its stand. *Mirabile dictu*: they reversed their earlier decision and allowed a one-year trial period — which began on August 14 — during which all theatres with less than 99 seats would be free of all Equity control. Those theatres were free to use any actor or actress, regardless of union affiliation; they were free to advertise; and most importantly of all, they were free to charge whatever admission their audience would pay. In effect, that meant the end of free theatre in Los Angeles.

Ideally, it will also mean the end of bad theatre in LA. The goal of the new league of theatres, according to Mr. Freeman, is not to make any money in the trial year of operation, but to upgrade the quality of productions and to increase communications among the member theatres. So repressive had been the old code, and so disorganized had been the theatres in LA, that many of the member groups had never even heard of one another. Now all that will be changed: The theatres in the

league will keep informed of each other's work at frequent meetings. They will pool their advertising campaigns under a single umbrella. They will swap mailing lists and technical equipment. And they will publish a monthly newsletter.

The guidelines of the new group are not at all revolutionary, but are instead deliberately designed to placate the national union by assuring them that the west coast league is not attempting to form a local of its own. (For instance: 50% of all casts must be composed of members of one of the performing unions, and an admission must be charged for all productions.) After all, the waiver has only been granted for one year and everything could revert to exactly as it was before if the national union is not impressed by results at the end of that year. For that reason, too, the league plans to cooperate fully with a study group appointed by Equity, and with another independently set up at UCLA, to study the effects of the decision on theatre in this city. Liaison officers have been appointed by the league to both committees and the books of the member theatres will be open at any time during the year.

The smaller, non-professional "workshops" in LA (I put the word in quotes because "workshop" is strictly an Equity term that was filched by the non-union theatres) have been invited to join the league "so that together the members might strive towards developing a steady, reliable and supporting theatre audience," but several have demurred, and have instead made at least tentative moves toward a separate organization of their own. (Next week I will detail their objections to the league's guidelines and their plans for structuring their own group.)

The friction between the two groups may prove to be healthy or it may turn out to have been counter-productive, but only time will tell. The experiment itself is potentially the most exciting thing that has happened to LA theatre in a good many years. That's why the whole subject is so important; that's why I want to help clear up the confusion; that's why I continue to give it so much space.

The most famous member of that no-name league, the Actor's Studio, Inc., has announced an alliance of

sorts with the Hollywood wing of the Greek Theatre Association, by which the Studio productions will be re-designed (which means enlarged) and used to brighten the too often dark stages at the Huntington Hartford Theatre. The professed purpose of the alliance is to establish a resident theatre company in LA, but the private arrangements are more tentative and the commitment more tenuous. (The contract as written calls for an equal partnership of the two entities, each bearing 50% of the costs and sharing in 50% of the profits.) "Everybody's hoping for something important to develop," according to Judy Marechal of the Actor's Studio, but only those productions that meet with a "favorable public response" will move to the Hartford, and the contractual ties can be severed at any time.

Meanwhile, the Studio's production of *The Three Penny Opera*, with Burgess Meredith in the role of Mr. Peachum, set to open at the Hartford on Sept. 13, is beset by problems. All scheduled previews at the Oberon Theatre except those on last Friday and Saturday nights, have thus far been cancelled. When asked why, Judy said that "we needed a six week run before the move," and because of the pressure of the deadline, "we quote 'just weren't ready' unquote." It is the larger Hartford production that is being scaled down to the tiny Oberon stage, and the cast and the volunteer crew, it seems, have been intimidated by the mammoth trappings.

In danger of postponement, too, because of the "birth pains" and the lack of organization is the scheduled opening on October 18 of *A Little Light Around the Place*, the new play by Pulitzer-Prize winner, Charles Gordone.

I had promised a full column on the controversy at the Company theatre, but I do not wish to aggravate a sore that has already festered into acts of petty vandalism and broken friendships. Tensions are, in fact, so high that members of the group whom I have known for years are avoiding me like children who cover their eyes and assume that no one else can see them. Should the group stay together — an eventuality that seems each day less likely — there are possible grants that could be jeopardized by such adverse publicity and I will print nothing more about the matter until it has been resolved. Let me say only that I wish them well — every beautiful one of them — and that a part of me will be torn in half should they split.

Next week I'd like to talk about the new season planned for Broadway, a

the tilt.

Above the extraordinary cast, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. stands head and shoulders. Sixty-three years old, looking only 40, as if the last several years of his retirement had never passed, and performing as if he spent them all in rehearsal, Fairbanks is a bittersweet reminder of the style that has been lost in much of the acting profession. He is more suave and sophisticated than the play itself, and his voice and his body are instruments with which he explores the different melodies of a line. It used to be a cliché to say "he makes acting look easy," but that is exactly what this singular man does.

I have only enough space to mention the other actors as a group. How good it is to see a cast whose primary responsibility seems not to themselves, but to an audience. No one admires the liberty of the new styles of theatre any more than I — I wouldn't write for an underground newspaper if I didn't — but no one is more irritated when actors take advantage of that liberty to strut and fret their hour upon the stage. I would be the first to complain about a surfeit of plays from the past, but if that is what it takes to bring back discipline, style, and responsibility in the theatre, then I say, with as much urgency as I can muster: bring 'em on!

motley collection that includes *Dude*, a musical by Gerome Ragni and Galt McDermott, whose *Hair* prances back into LA for a farewell engagement at the Aquarius Theatre Sept. 19 - Oct. 1.

Other openings this week or next: *The Glass Menagerie* at the Oxford

Playhouse (Sept. 9), *Mother of Pearl* at the Company (previews began the 6th), *Don Juan in Hell* at the Ahmanson (opened Sept. 7), *My Fair Lady* at Irvine Bowl (Sept. 8), and *Celebration* at the Neal Reck Theatre Academy (postponed from last week to Sept. 15).

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Theatre Pleasure of His Company

LLOYD STEELE

The Play: Daddy will a-woooing go
The Production: Style isn't dead after all
The Performances: The company is a pleasure

So predisposed was I to dislike the production of *The Pleasure of His Company* at the Huntington Hartford Theatre that you could have had my tickets for the asking. Remembering that the play itself was an insubstantial trifle from the past, and knowing how the past is usually patronized in the modern American theatre, I had assumed that this production, directed by Neal Kenyon, would be just another tail pinned on the nostalgia donkey that is braying its way across our stages these days, dropping nuggets like *No No Nanette* to foul up the theatrical pastures.

But if I get another chance to see the show, you couldn't beg, borrow, or buy my tickets from me. The play itself is exactly as I had remembered it: a glib, inconsequential comedy about an aging *bon vivant* who comes back after twenty years of an affair with the world to attend the wedding of his daughter, but who charms her into postponing the ceremony for a year while the two of them run off to re-capture his youth.

But the production avoids all the pitfalls into which most modern attempts to re-capture the past fall. It doesn't slobber all over the past. It doesn't leer at the past with older, more jaundiced eyes. It doesn't condescend to the past. Instead, it is a conscientious and wholly respectful attempt to re-create the play exactly as it was written, as if not one of those disenchanting years had

passed since its first performance. (I would even be willing to bet that no one, in the planning stages, even mentioned the word "nostalgia.") It is, as one critic put it, "a miracle of recreation" (I assume the "sic": surely he meant "re-creation"), in which the irrelevance of the play is not apologized for, not even noticed. The integrity of the production is so ingratiating that you have to return the smile beaming over the footlights at you.

What isn't right about the production is less tangible. It is so polished and perfect in every detail, it runs along so smoothly on all eight cylinders, that the sound of its engine begins to sound like a drone; and it is performed with such fashion and flair that it drowns out with tinkles the darker, more sinister bass line that throbs beneath the melody of the play. After all, what the play is about — coyly as everyone concerned would deny it, and carefully as the authors have tried to convince us otherwise — is incest. The sexual sub-theme surfaces ever more frequently as the play progresses and much of the imagery — especially that of the bulls raised by the girl's fiancé: "Why, Roger sends his sperm all over the world!" — is downright raunchy. The authors, Samuel Taylor and Cornelia Otis Skinner, wanted to keep the audience slightly discommoded with the tone of the play, to teeter and totter around on its smug equilibrium (the oldest member of the family has a last name of Savage, as if to remind us of the brutish reality beneath the antiseptic surface), but all we get in this production is the killer and none of

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A fan on film

'Slaughter'

DICK LOCHTE

Ever notice that no matter how terrible a film is, there's always some critic around to gift it with a nice, concise phrase of praise. *Skyjacked*, that ghostly piece of cheese, was considered "better than *Airport*," which is just plain foolishness or fancy public relations, often the same thing. *Rivals*, *The Groundstar Conspiracy* and *The Hero* have had at least one champion among the Fourth Estate. Most

surprising of all is the number of eager testimonials on behalf of *Kansas City Bomber*, including the one in these pages.

I suspect that this apparent lowering of critical standards may be due to the re-emergence of that dubious concept known as the good Bad Movie, wherein a lousy film is applauded for being so amusingly awful. "Oh, my God, can these jaded eyes deceive me? With Raquel Kallianiotis on the railroad tracks, don't tell me they've got the gall to include an onrushing locomotive? How marvelously rococo!"

Well, in spite of the abundance of mediocre films of late, I still haven't subscribed to the good Bad Movie theory, though I can understand it. The secret is in assuming that the filmmakers are at least halfway in on the gag. *Bomber* is so outrageous, with its roller derby queen with a heart of platinum, and its Pearl White-Stella Dallas situations, that we might suppose that somebody's tongue is in somebody's cheek, a reference more to the style of the film than to Ms. Welch's kissing technique which in itself is sort of hyperbolic or pneumatic, as the case may be.

There are no saving good Bad Movie standards to rescue *Slaughter*, however. As far as I am aware, not one reviewer has uttered one syllable of acclaim for this excessive "entertainment." (It is, nonetheless, a box-office sensation, which shows how much film criticism really means and easily explains why movies are not better than ever: they don't have to be to make money.) It is no less outrageous than *Bomber*, but obviously takes itself completely seriously; Jim Brown and company go through their absurdly violent paces in deadly earnest. There is not the slightest opportunity of so much as a snicker at the film's abundant weaknesses.

Take the acting, for example. Brown, in the title role of an ex-Green Beret out to avenge the bombing of his mother and father, relies totally on one expression, a bored sneer. It's one hell of a good expression, a bored sneer. Take the acting, for example. Brown, in the title role of an ex-Green Beret out to avenge the bombing of his mother and father, relies totally on one expression, a bored sneer. It's one hell of a good expression, but we can grow weary of it in time. And it's not always too apt. I mean, who sneers at their parents' funeral? Who sneers while dodging a murderous limo? More important, who sneers when a starlets Stella Stevens hops into the sack with you?

Brown has never been considered a thespian, but Rip Torn, who is the evil Mafioso, Hoffo (that's with an "o," folks!), was once the pride of Actor's Studio. Here he falls back on eye-popping, slaving gesticulation. Totally out of control, he staggers through the movie, jaw tucked into neck, head bouncing from side to side, as though doing an imitation of Paul Lynde in heat.

Cameron Mitchell, as a fed, and Stella Stevens, as Torn's moll, show none of their past professionalism. Mitchell has picked up a bad habit of letting his unique, sawed-off spectacles do his emoting for him. Ms. Stevens gives the impression of having been kept up well past her bedtime.

The only one who manages to inject some needed life into the film is Don Gordon, a genuine and gritty character actor who has long deserved the acclaim of a Peter Falk or George Kennedy. You may remember him as Steve McQueen's partner in *Bullitt* or in a number of roles, mainly heavies, in movies or on TV. You will most definitely remember him from *Slaughter* because he is the movie. His scenes with Brown are amazing. Gordon is supposed to be the hero's comical sidekick. But the results are as if Gabby Hayes suddenly turned to Randolph Scott and said, "Here, you son of a bitch. You wear the hat and whiskers this week."

But Gordon is all alone up there. Directed Jack Starrett may have churned out a couple of good bike

melodramas, but he doesn't do much here except employ a fish-eye lens to poor advantage. And Mark Hanna's and Don Williams' script is as bad as it could be. All that "keep cool, momma" dialogue for Brown, those confrontations without conviction, the innane, side-of-the-mouth, pseudo tough-guy lingo, the silly, non-stop action that fails to further a plot that, as stands, could have been engraved on the head of a pin with room left over for the complete scenario of *War and Peace*.

So much for *Slaughter*.

Incidentally, I gathered from a

recent *Dick Cavett Show* that Jim Brown is engaged in a Movement that, as opposed to other Movements, hopes to re-elect for President "a personal friend and a great fan of professional football." I hope that members of the Brown Movement will note that my comments above are apolitical, as I would hope all my reviews have been. Ordinarily, such a disclaimer wouldn't have to be made, but some of us seem to have a habit of reading between the lines, especially where our political heroes and heroines are concerned.

Conflict within Women's Lib

Friedan vs. Morgan

ALANNA NASH

COLUMBIA, MISSOURI — (AFS) With the women's movement gathering steam around the world, the spectrum of female activists has broadened to include proponents of strongly clashing strategies regarding that most pervasive of minorities — men.

There are women who politely desire those rhetorical rights to equality and respect, and others who demand much more. On the lecture circuit, before galleries of prospective troops, the contrast between "women's rightists" and "radical feminists" often seems like internecine squabbling, but it is also a clear indication of a widening front.

Robin Morgan and Betty Friedan, for example, are two leaders of the women's cause who have been prominent lately on the college circuit. When they both turned up at conservative, midwestern Stephens College recently, the women here got a good taste of the differing attitudes within their ranks. Betty Friedan came to coax "the girls" out of their desk chairs and into the voting booths, while Robin Morgan arrived to incite them out of the dorms and into the streets.

Stephens College, in Columbia, Missouri, is a former finishing school which has always entertained the aspiring self-image of a sister to the East's celebrated women's colleges. But Robin Morgan, an angry young woman in sweater and slacks, tinted glasses and close-cropped hair, got a surprising number of the students fired up. A few days later, in mid-skirt and stockings and a middle-class beauty shop coif, Betty Friedan, one of the earliest leaders of the cause, addressed the same audience and made hardly a dent.

But then, Robin Morgan tries harder. She arrived on campus hours early, to meet sister students and the press. She had dinner with the students, and then delivered an hour and a half talk on "The Women's Revolution." Afterward she took questions from the nearly all-female audience, but any male who wished to query her had another thought coming — she only accepts questions from women.

Ms. Morgan finished up the night at 3 a.m., camped in a dormitory, "rapping with her sisters," preferring to stay there with them than accept a ride back to the hotel or airport from a well-meaning social studies teacher who had earlier committed the inexcusable blunder of holding the door for her.

Betty Friedan, on the other hand, arrived only minutes before her mid-afternoon talk, casually missing her other scheduled appearances on campus. She left immediately after her speech, and spoke with few students. She'd come to town primarily to address members of the Missouri Women's Political Caucus who were meeting on campus that day; the students were secondary, and they knew it.

Differences between Friedan and Morgan, however, go well beyond the ways they relate to the audience. Both women possess impressive credentials as activists, but the contrast between their goals and tactics is sharp.

Robin Morgan edited the best-selling feminist handbook, *Sisterhood is Powerful*, and from that effort she made \$17,000 which has gone to the movement — for health clinics, video tape projects, women's historical societies, child-care centers, a self-help clinic in L.A., and for abortions.

You may also remember Ms. Morgan as the organizer of the first protest against the Miss America Pageant, or as co-founder of the Women's International Terrorist

Conspiracy from Hell (known as WITCH), or even as a member of the collective of women that seized New York City's underground paper, the *Rat*. Back in 1967, when she first became active in the movement, she was fired from her job in a publishing house for "union organizing and radical feminism," and was later arrested in the Grove Press seizure in 1970 for "criminal trespass and criminal mischief."

Betty Friedan's book, *The Feminine Mystique*, turned a lot of women's heads around when it came out a few years ago. She may well have been the first women's liberation leader many people heard of. In 1966, she organized the National Organization for Women (NOW), which has grown in the past year from thirty chapters to 230, and she also founded the National Women's Political Caucus.

Obviously, Betty Friedan and Robin Morgan are not simply two women seeking the same goals by different paths. Ms. Morgan made that clear when she promised the Stephens coeds that "there will be an armed revolution in the streets!" And she assured them that she meant revolution "in every serious definition of that word — a complete social, political, economic, cultural revolution, with gender and biological mutation, differing not only in that it will be a change of power between men but that it will be power for women."

"Ultimately," she said, "I'm talking about a society where gender doesn't exist, where what we think of as a man or a woman is an archaism"

That's pretty strong stuff to Betty Friedan, even though she too advocates challenging the sex roles, because her method is working through established political channels. "We must get ourselves together," she entreated. "The Women's Political Caucus will give us the power to get what we need — the day-care centers, appropriations, priorities, and to get our basic and elementary human rights, our own voice in politics, and our own voices in decisions that will affect our lives and futures. We must get women not only on women's commissions but on national security councils and councils on development and environment. We must recognize that we are here to recreate a political force."

Responding to the more impassioned pitch by Robin Morgan, Ms. Friedan remembered that "there was some of this pseudo-radical rhetoric on the fringe of the women's liberation movement, and this, I think, we have no more time for. We have to recognize that this is infantile, that it is irrelevant and it aggravates. If we should succeed in forcing a revolution or platform that may be extremely idealistic ... or the most sexually radical or politically radical, and in doing so alienate this little constituency that is trying to get together, we do a disservice to the National Women's Political Caucus and to women who are trying to unite for concrete political action."

But Robin Morgan didn't approve of Betty Friedan or the "women's rightists" either, and the sisters at Stephens were left to choose their weapons.

"At this point NWPC is irrelevant," Ms. Morgan insisted. "I see it as a potential danger. It's a perfect set-up for a sell-out or a cop-out. This has happened many times in the Black movement. The day of the Orangeburg Massacre, Roy Wilkins was having coffee at the White House. I have this freaky nightmare that Betty Friedan is going to be having tea at the White House while I'm bleeding to death in the gutter."

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D.A. Pennebaker

(continued from page 9)

others who are going to be forgotten in ten years. These guys are the legends and who gives a diddly-shit. They had nothing. So somebody should film them where they are at their best, not in the studio. When they said Little Richard was coming too, that was it for me."

Keep On Rockin' opens abruptly with an unadvertised clip of Janis Joplin and Jimi Hendrix.

"I had this little piece of film of Janis which I put on the front when I showed it to Lennon. It's kind of like a throwaway. Just singing a song from something totally different. I shot it at a club in New York when she was with Big Brother and the Holding Company. One camera, one straight shot. When John saw it he said "You gotta put Jimi in there. Not just because he's dead too, but because those two people are the only people who tried to go anywhere off that music. You shouldn't use just one, you should use the two of them because it keeps it from being a personal thing

with Janis, it makes it something to do with the music." So I took a little piece of Jimi from *Monterey Pop*, a throwaway piece. I thought it has kind of an amazing effect, but I didn't want to have it as part of the movie. I didn't want to make any commercial use of it. In fact, we were going to pay the rights for the music, pay for the prints, then make every distributor agree not to promote it and not to use any pictures of them, not even to say they're in it. People will come in and not really expect it, it will be a total surprise.

"It's on at the beginning of the film like a newsreel. Today the idea of a newsreel seems absurd because you get the news from somplace else. But there was a time when that kind of news never appeared anywhere else. So people went to the movies and it was a separate thing, they never mixed them up. You could have a newsreel so totally antipodal to the film, to be so bizarre as to make you laugh. Nobody made any sort of relationship as to where the

newsreel stopped and the film began. So you get girls by swimming pools and beauty contests, and you would go into some incredible murder film. There was no relationship. I was hoping this would break apart like that. The trouble is, now everything that happens in movie houses is one thing. The *Variety* critic didn't know what to make of it. He wondered if I was trying to compare Janis with Bo Diddley. I really had no thoughts at all. It just seemed to me to belong."

D.A. Pennebaker is an oddity even for documentary film makers, the step-child of the movie industry. He is given to statements like "movies don't interest me all that much" and "I can't stand dead films. My sense is that most documentaries, by their very nature, the minute they're conceived, become dead."

What comes out of conversation with Pennebaker is his passionate enthusiasm for home movies, "films that I made because something happened that interested me. But I can't make a living off these kind of films." He has hours of Janis Joplin on film, folksinger Jack Elliott, as well as friend, fellow film maker and Dylan confidant Bob Neuwirth. You get the sense that it would go against Pen-

nebaker's grain to ever propagandize in his films. He would be incapable of lifting a camera to promote his or someone else's idea of the way things should be. Pennebaker is an apostle of subject matter and all else comes secondary

to him. Whether it be Dylan, Janis and Jimi or the legendary quartet of rock and roll, Pennebaker's driving philosophy is to bring interesting people to the screen and illuminate them with insight made possible only by film.

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Fidelio Caucus for McGovern plans party

HELEN KOBLIN

A grass roots anti-war organization called Fidelio Caucus For McGovern has been in operation for two months. The basic orientation of the group is non-political, according to Chairman Leigh Hunt. The singular purpose of the group is to stop the war. "Whatever other neurosis have to be worked out in this country, we will do ... without killing people," Hunt explained.

The Caucus supports McGovern because he has made some statements that "will be impossible to back out of," the spokesman explained. "McGovern said that he would stop the bombing the day he was inaugurated, and all troops would be withdrawn from Viet Nam within thirty days thereafter."

One of the co-chairmen is Carole Feraci, the singer who made

headlines in January when scheduled to appear at a White House dinner with the Ray Coniff singers. At that time, poised to do her number, she instead pulled a sign from her bosom that said: "Stop the Killing"! Then she delivered the following speech to the audience of stunned luminaries. "President Nixon, stop bombing human beings, animals and vegetation. You go to Church on Sundays and pray to Jesus Christ. If Jesus Christ were here tonight, you would not drop another bomb. Bless the Berrigans and Bless Daniel Ellsberg." The performance was not musical but was definitely a show stopper!

Fidelio, named for Beethoven's only opera, which deals with how people react to oppression, will hold an entertaining fund-raiser Sunday, September 17, at 2:00 p.m., at Carole

Feraci's home, a three-acre estate. The address is 5757 Ranchito Ave., Van Nuys. The event will be hosted by Jon Voight, Dennis Weaver, and David Harris. Shade trees, flowers, and grass will provide background for live classical music (Chopin, Beethoven), and jazz ... Leroy Vinegar will play. Barbeque and drinks will comprise the food fare and for the spirit, tarot cards, palm readings, art exhibits and films are offered. The donation is five dollars and will go to the McGovern campaign. A day short on speeches, long on festivities is promised.



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ED OCHS

"Stop right here!" scolds sinewy Syreeta Wright, Motown songstress, as if she were reading for a Supreme "Stop! In the Name of Love." I'm SYREETA, I'm ME, that's WHO I AM. Not next in line to anybody." Not to Diana Ross, in whose vocal tracks she was once groomed to slip and slide, not to Martha Reeves, Gladys Knight, Valerie Simpson or even Mr. Stevie Wonder, ex-husband and still writing partner ("If You Really Love Me," "Signed, Sealed & Delivered," "It's A Shame"), now friend and producer. Well, "closer to Valerie than the others," says Syreeta about the troupe, "I see her as being VALERIE, an individual, free. I'm not the feathers and the beads and the bangles," talking about Diana Ross in Las Vegas.

Syreeta's even closer, though to Stevie Wonder. Living and loving

with him is over now, but the musical marriage remains, which strikes Syreeta as maturity — "We're fantastic friends, not lovers," she clarifies. Looking back on the career she quit for marriage — make that the musical marriage she quit for a career of marriage — an LP only half finished, "My prowess came first" was the bind. Meanwhile her passivity simmered up a new determination to move her singing out of the warm shower and on to a stage, then other stages. Now she has head-together ready, ready to make money, handle fame. By then it was Wonder's total command in and of the studio, all facets of the music in fact, that really first fired the expectations, her arrival, her debut this week at the Troubadour supporting David Clayton-Thomas with a very manageable four-piece band.

Syreeta is actually satisfied with the production of her first MoWest album, and soon loses herself in the vision of Steve's apparent mastery. "Watching him move from instrument to instrument, watching little chords grow and grow until ... He'll do the second album too. In fact, I wish he would be my producer exclusively." Enjoying a breakthrough of his own, Stevie Wonder is playing better and better, now running his voice sinuously, lyrically through a Moog, blessing Syreeta's album with an all-around sound as deep and distinct, flowing and hypnotic — whatever — and complete as, say, Isaac Hayes. While Syreeta's unpolished — no: amateur — readings seem closer to cut 'n' edgy Southern soul than Motown milk, uncovering this little lady's energy, tough intensity, even ferocity toward a song. And though the album reads Syreeta on the cover and Syreeta herself argues quite a case for Syreeta the individual ("Did you see Syreeta? That's who I am!"), Stevie is everywhere. And despite the separation, they are wedded in wax for good — or twenty plays, whichever comes first — on "To



Know You Is To Love You," the most popular cut on the album.

Miss Wright was signed to Motown out of Detroit "by accident." By which she means in spite of herself or lack of self. An audition was set with Brian Holland — "I was never into names, still not" — still, she couldn't believe this one and phoned Holland to find out did she ... really have an audition ... with him? She showed up five minutes before the appointment, Holland wasn't there, so she left, still unconvinced. Another call to Holland confirms he indeed was there, and where was she? Another audition — "I didn't take it too seriously. Singing is fun. How can anyone think of this as a job. And anyway I never really sang pop, more blues and jazz" — and accidentally Syreeta Wright becomes a Motown secretary where promising young voices are iced for future thawing. "The Sound of Young America." Could it be talent? (Footnote: It's interesting to notice the reappearance of Holland-Dozier-Holland tunes as current material — Motown owns Jobete publishing, one of the top ten

in the world, — though the trio are long gone from Motown, in music business time anyway.)

Syreeta takes her individuality, her identity very seriously and sees freedom as a reality at Motown, where all tops formerly had to spin in the same direction, temptations always only humbered five and Motown was compared to other closed organizations in the family management business. Now Syreeta talks of the motion in change, how Motown is just coming around, how "we (Valerie Simpson) are the change that will strengthen Motown. Playing places like the Troubadour is something new and exciting for Motown artists. Motown has been a mother and father to me as far as my musical development is concerned. Berry Gordy, Jr., believed in me. And I can't let these people down. you see, I've got this hangup. I don't want to start off as a lie. I have to be me, real. Nothing phony. When you're out there on stage people know it, they can tell. It's like a fingerprint. If that fingerprint is not you, it will show."

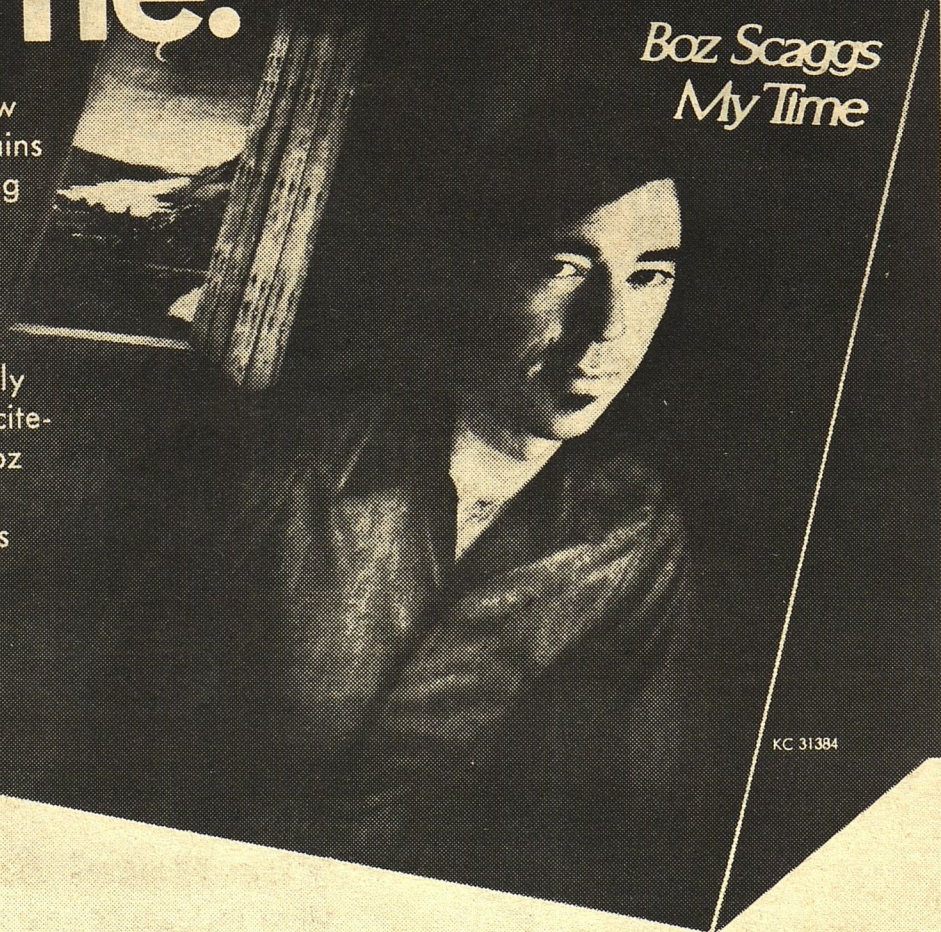
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At the Bowl

Mehta's return

DON RAY

Looking like a benign Hammurabi, Zubin Mehta returned to the Bowl last Tuesday with his new jet-black, three-inch beard, and it was a joy to see him. What an artist, and what a remarkable orchestra the L.A. Philharmonic is under him! In this age of Szell and Cleveland, Reiner and Chicago, and Leinsdorf and Boston, the clarity of our orchestra is not unique; but the élan, the willingness, the suppressed enthusiasm that lies just beneath the surface waiting a chance to illuminate some mundane passage, that is unique!

The evening began with the *Overture to the Flying Dutchman*, that opening battle between Richard Wagner and every string player in the world (which continued with the Venusberg Music and achieved near-calamity in the unplayable string parts of the Immolation Scene). But in spite of difficulty, it came off very well, exciting and convincing, and with remarkable clarity in the string parts. Mehta's tempi were spacious but fast enough to maintain excitement; never did he demand tempi beyond the playing ability of the strings. Like other great conductors, he does as much listening as directing. But the most significant element of this performance (and the most difficult to describe) was the solid assurance of the players under the secure but pliant leadership of Mehta.

Mehta also focused much of his attention on the young soloist from Japan, Mayumi Fujikawa, as she performed the *Tchaikovsky Violin Concerto*. In simplest terms, this petite teenager performs with the technical skill of Heifetz (Jasha), the radiant tone of Oistrakh, and the emotional vigor of Isaac Stern. And that's it, there's nothing more to say. (If a soloist plays poorly, one can spend paragraphs discussing just why the failure; but when a soloist approaches perfection, it leaves the critic with embarrassingly little to

say). And so it was with Miss Fujikawa. Between Keifetz (Daniel), Perlman, Marcovici and Fujikawa, this has been a memorable summer for violinists at the Bowl. Mehta, accompanying Fujikawa without score, matched the commitment of the soloist with a sympathetic, impassioned interpretation of the orchestra part, revealing rarely-heard nuances; the delicate moments were breathless, the passionate melodic tutti overwhelming. The quietly graceful second movement had the additional value of superb flute work by Anne Files (this beautifully-written part reminds us that Tchaikovsky was himself a flautist). The audience responded appropriately to this dazzling performance.

All evening the weather had been threatening (a tropical downpour had been predicted) and there had been some thought of cancelling the concert; but the weather remained fair through the intermission and the concert continued with *The Planets* of Holst, that favorite of astrology buffs and the best-selling recording of the L.A. Philharmonic under Mehta.

In seven movements (Pluto hadn't been discovered when Holst wrote it), it purports to be musical pictures of the gods associated with each planet (excluding earth), but there is evidence that it was also Holst's portrait-gallery of human types.

In the first movement, Mars is personified as a harsh juggernaut, the orchestra developing some awesome crescendi under Mehta; the trombone work of Dennis Smith was outstanding. By contrast, the second movement, Venus, was a study in liquid tenderness, with celestial floating melodies performed superbly by concertmaster David Frisina and principal cellist, Kurt Reher. Mehta treated the fast intricate dovetailed phrases of Mercury with the appropriate light touch, while the best-known movement, Jupiter (one of the

program themes on KFAC) became a joyous romp, interrupted momentarily by a noble hymn.

If *The Planets* is really a gallery of human traits and moods, then Saturn is a study in despair. Beginning with a chilling sense of isolation, it moves to a somber death march which slowly evolves toward a feeling of human hope; this lasts but briefly and then collapses back to hollow despair. (The effectiveness of this movement was compromised by a goddamn helicopter which moved loud and lazy across the night sky first from south to north, and then a

few minutes later, back again).

Neptune began in a mood of lighthearted exhilaration (with superb tympani work by Mitchell Peters), but this paradoxical movement then moves to a harsh Roman march followed by an admixture of humor, a weird hollowness, and searing tragedy. Strange, very strange.

Appropriately, *The Planets* ends in a mood of imponderable loneliness and incalculable distances. The strange disembodied sound of the women's choir was made even more eerie by being projected from the

amplifiers on the sides of the Bowl, while the sound of the orchestra came from in front.

Months (or years) ago, when Ernest Fleischmann was organizing this summer's Bowl program, he must have been especially pleased with this concert: the orchestra's distinguished conductor returning home and being paired with the most heralded young violinist of our time, plus a performance of the orchestra's most successful recording. It promised to be an outstanding concert.

And so it was.

Classical records

ALEX SEGAL

BARTOK: THE MIRACULOUS MANDARIN; DANCE SUITE Pierre Boulez/New York Philharmonic with Schola Cantorum directed by Hugh Ross. Columbia M-31368

Bartok's musical language consists of combining opposing musical elements, in terms of rhythms, textures, movements and sonorities, and expressing a dualism of peace and conflict. His music often reveals many hidden beauties of flowing lyricism. Such underlying currents of beauty which rise to the surface of his fabric create a strange, often unworldly atmosphere which seems to bridge the gap between fantasy and reality. *The Miraculous Mandarin*, thought by conductor Boulez to be Bartok's most brilliant work for orchestra, takes off into other realms more completely than his famous *Concerto for Orchestra* or *Music for Strings, Percussion and Celesta*. A kind of musical counter-part of *Mandarin* might be Stravinsky's ballet score *Petroushka* (another Boulez favorite).

"*The Miraculous Mandarin*, written in 1919 ... attempted to translate this drama of conflict-and-resolution into physical terms through the medium of ballet-pantomime. Bartok's music is fitted to the story by Menyhert Lengyel of a Mandarin whose "boundaries to a greater freedom" are defined by the most basic of human desires: A girl, by showing pity to him, affirms his existence as a needful human being.

Only then can death come for the Mandarin, for his "uncomfortable boundaries" have been removed."

The *Dance Suite* is a series of five movements based on different Hungarian folk melodies. It is joyous and immediately ingratiating music revealing more of Bartok's fascinating gifts of invention.

In Bartok's description of the fantastic, Pierre Boulez finds much material which falls comfortably under his microscopic eyes and ears. Boulez's pre-occupation with structure and detail doesn't interfere with the score's programmatic contents, as it sometimes has in his interpretations of Romantic music. This new Bartok release, in fact, seems to me the most successful of the conductor's recorded interpretations, skillfully delineating the multi-colored imagery with the help of the seemingly sharply-honed New York Philharmonic. Note that this recorded performance of the *Miraculous Mandarin* is complete (as opposed to the usually played suite), and includes the haunting choral conclusion.

RAVEL: CONCERTO IN G; PROKOFIEFF: CONCERTO NO. 2, Nicole Henriot-Schweitzer, piano, Charles Munch/Boston Symphony Orchestra. RCA Victor VICS-1071

Among the recent budget LP's from the RCA catalog is this recovered disc, actually available for some time. It is worth noting as a new release or anything else that

might draw one's attention to it, however, for its musical contents are exceptional.

Both works are effective showpieces, although the Ravel concerto is the better known. Its popularity stems from its concise form and its multi-colored slightly exotic orchestration and its Gershwin-like rhythm and momentum. The Prokofiev work, on the other hand, sprawls a bit — the work of a young and zealous genius and keyboard master. The edition played here is slightly truncated from the original (a commonly played alternative) and particularly suits the pianistic style of Ms. Henriot-Schweitzer. It is the Prokofiev work that merits special interest, for there are currently no available interpretations to match it. The piano playing can only be called extraordinarily stylish. It impresses one immediately as being unique with Henriot-Schweitzer. Her musical flair and sense of drama remove the performance from the usual mundane loud-hard-and-fast approach of younger virtuosi, who exhibit little of the color and flexibility to be found here. The French conductor and soloist work superbly together in both works, the Ravel being obviously second nature to them. Admittedly they emphasize the French side of Prokofiev, which, although more facile and less ponderous than the Russian side, is nevertheless appropriate, for Prokofiev spent much time in Paris hobnobbing with the musical bigwigs of the day and absorbing lots of cosmopolitan sophistication. Some fine music making for a small price.

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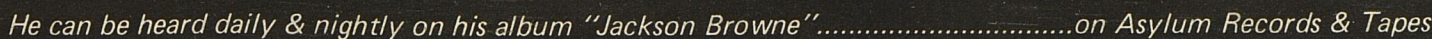
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The case for legalizing grass

MIKE PERLOWIN

To Anyone in California Who Has Ever Smoked Grass:

When you took that first hit, and every subsequent time you got stoned, you broke the law. You committed a felony punishable by up to five years in the State Prison.

You may not have gotten busted or convicted but you took something of a risk.

Right now there are a handful of people who are knocking themselves out so that you won't be in the position of possibly having to go to jail. They are working their asses off without pay so that you won't ever have to worry about the police again. The California Marijuana Initiative, Proposition 19 on the November ballot, is the most important issue ever to come before the voters. *This initiative affects you!* It is not some get-rich fraud that some corporation is trying to pull. It is a movement started by a few freaks who wanted to live their life without any hassle from the law.

The initiative is in danger of failing in November.

If it is defeated, it will not be by any right-wing anti-dope scare tactics, not by any "moralist" crusader who sees marijuana as a tool of the devil and not by some Bircher type who thinks grass is a Communist plot.

Proposition 19 may end up being defeated because of you. It may not pass because you haven't done

anything for it. It may not pass because you won't come to the office to help out and because you won't send in any money to pay the bills.

It may not pass because you are too lazy to get off your ass to register to vote for it.

To those of you who are that apathetic, I say this: If the initiative fails and you subsequently get busted, don't come running to me.

There is, however, another reason why most people aren't helping out as much as they should. Lack of information. Most people I've spoken to think the C.M.I. has thousands of dollars and hundreds of volunteer staffers. If you think that, you are dead wrong.

The C.M.I. is in trouble. They have almost no money and only about twenty-five people throughout the whole state who are doing it all. They have 400 deputy registrars who are trying their best to register as many young people as possible, but that is only a drop in the bucket. They do have some money coming in but not nearly enough.

People think that because we made the ballot that victory is assured. That's unfortunately a lot of bullshit. To win in November will take lots of time, sweat, and above all, money.

There are at least two million heads in this state. If everyone who would gain from this measure would send in just one dollar, we could

sponsor a media campaign that would convince all but the most reactionary to vote for us. Even if everybody just sent in a dime we could put on some kind of campaign (mailings, rallies, speakers, etc.).

So far, most people have sent in zilch.

The case against legalizing grass

MICHAEL BETZOLD/

(AFS) — Legalization or decriminalization of pot is becoming a popular cause. I think it's a cause ill-conceived.

Pop revolutionaries like Abbie Hoffman have made extravagant claims for marijuana's revolutionary potential. Indeed, the spread of dopesmoking from ghetto to suburb and campus did seem to herald exhilarating social change during the sixties. But that change has been slow in coming, and the myth now seems to be so much hype.

Now, unless you're prejudiced or stupid, you know it's as harmless as alcohol, doesn't lead to hard drugs, or turn you into a Communist. In fact, many good anti-Communists smoke pot. Once the more hardened traditionalists soften, die, or try it themselves, marijuana will be regarded as just another social amenity.

From a radical viewpoint, the effects of widespread, accepted and legal use of grass are problematic. The Black Panthers, stern revolutionaries, long ago banned all drugs from their politics. Operating from the vantage-point of the colonized Black, they saw how drugs kept people down and only stoned the revolution.

The search for a "high" substitutes an ephemeral goal for the awareness of life's ugly realities. Pot can serve the same purpose for potential white revolutionaries. At some level of use, and at some ebb of political awareness, grass ceases to be liberating and becomes dulling. It makes the present liveable. Especially in suburbia, pot seems to serve the same function for teenagers as booze, sex and success serve for their parents: they all make boredom and isolation palatable.

You needn't assume a conspiracy in government, but only that some powerful men in this country are intelligent (which is at least somewhat plausible), to speculate that our leaders are looking on drug use with increasing favor. Like selling whiskey to the Indians, it works. A lot of frustrations (and potential trouble) are dispelled by getting loaded.

Similarly, legalization of marijuana can help to head off potential trouble for the American economy. Our system of state capitalism requires predictable consumers, and, in pot, the economy will find one more steadily expanding market

among young people.

It's a well-known fact that the big tobacco conglomerates are already gearing up to corner this huge new market. The proponents of legal pot shrug off this prospect. They point to the advantages of industrializing grass: it would put crooked dealers out of business, furnish a better and cheaper product — and you could still grow your own.

Such touching faith in an economic system so many of us call corrupt is sorely misplaced. A more consistent approach indicates that pot after legalization would probably be mass-produced (and eventually synthetic), of poorer quality, just as costly as it is now — and there'd be little room for competition, if the sales of cigarettes or autos are any guide.

It seems, appearances otherwise to the contrary, that many of us still believe the free enterprise system is free. Or, rather, we bemoan the evils of capitalism, only to forget them when it's grass — not cars or color TV's — that the marketplace promises to give us. Isn't it hypocritical to buy a chunk of the system only if the price is right?

And if pot's made legal, we'll have to silence that line we've given our parents for years: that objects are not liberating. If we're sickened by their materialism, their mass-produced needs, their resort to pills or the bottle, we can't say it's "different" when we want our things sanctioned.

In *The Pursuit of Loneliness*, Philip Slater remarks that drug users "may be enjoying the current more, but they are still plugged into the same machinery that drives other Americans on their weary and joyless round." By expecting too much from marijuana, and too easily accepting its pleasurable effects, we may ultimately electrocute ourselves by plugging into our own version of the same old circuit.

Many present pot laws require "cruel and unusual punishment" and clearly must be softened. But legalizing grass could well give the American economy and its free enterprise mythology their biggest shot in the arm in years. And that fix might fix us for good.

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At the very least you can register to vote.

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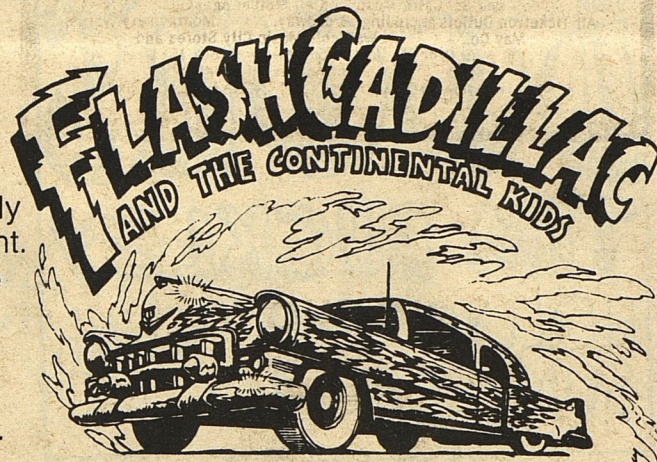
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Born to ivory

Billy Preston interview

STANN FINDELLE

Billy Preston, a man born with a keyboard in each hand and ivory running through his veins, stood in his natural place, at the center of a rosette of keyboards as this reporter met him last week. He wasn't scheduled to play, but merely pose for the liner photos for his second A&M LP. A curious scene ensued as A&M's whip crack photographer, Jim McCrary, made like a vaudevillian choreographer on the peak of an A-frame ladder, barking to Billy: "One-

two-three — move, one-two-three — MOVE" as the musician kangarooed to different claviars. Actually, McCrary was directing his subject in order to shoot a blurred multi-image of several Billy Prestons in action. "Move the hands faster," requested McCrary. Yet every time Preston's fingers came in contact with the keys, he couldn't keep from spilling some music out of them. They adhered involuntarily, as if the instruments were organic extensions of his body.

And thus it has always been with Billy Preston, the prodigy who, like Wolfgang Mozart, hunted and pecked his first piano song at the age of three, and soon after was investing his precocity in all realms of performance. His family was as immersed in show business as they were in gospel dogma, and thus Billy's baptismal into both were well nurtured. His mother, the immortal Sapphire on the Amos 'n' Andy radio program, also played organ for the church choir. At an early age, Billy discovered he commanded the rare power to interpret what he merely observed other musicians doing. "I could watch a church organist, and sneak up and play his pieces after everybody left. When I was 13, I went to my first club, and a fine organist showman, Earl Grant, was playing, and I went up on stage and did the same things he'd just done. I just got turned on to it." To this day Billy, who looks on his facility as a God-given blessing, rarely has to "practice." All he has to do is "play."

Practically everyone who came in contact with Billy's music was instantly enchanted by it. At ten, while appearing on the *Mahalia Jackson Show*, a producer signed him to play young J.C. Handy in the film *St. Louis Blues*. At 16, he began his slowly crescendoing odyssey in the rock genre (up to that point he had performed only gospel music), touring with "preacher" Little Richard in England, in close proximity to the fermenting explosions in music about to occur there. While staying in Hamburg, Germany, that year (1962) Billy came in contact with some aspiring, perspiring back-up groups which included the Beatles, whom he was destined to weld a substantial relationship with in future years.

Billy played for several years with the Late Sam Cooke's company, and even formed a review of his own, the Soulettes, featuring Merry Clayton. Yet he was far from realizing his greatest dream. "I'd always hoped, prayed really, to someday just be in the same room with Ray Charles. I never thought of playing with him, I just wanted to see him. Then one day, while Billy was serving as one of the regulars on the *Shindig* TV show (you may remember him with his licorice string "Beatle" hair style and face splitting smile flashing into the camera over his keyboard), Charles came in to do a guest shot, and when he arrived at the studio, he found Billy sitting in for him at rehearsal. Billy mirrored Charles' technique so succinctly that Ray may have considered retiring and simply renting Billy out for gigs. Instead, Charles signed Billy up for his revue and took over management of his career when the *Shindig* show folded. And why did *Shindig* go off the air when there seemed to be such an insatiable appetite for its offerings? "It appears that TV executives were still too squeamish for the "avante garde" quality of the entertainment. You know, the ABC executives were always meddling with the show. Little Richard did the pilot for the series, but they wanted to cut him off the air. It took six months of arguing to get James Brown on the show. I guess they thought those fellows were too 'wild' or something to expose the 'public' to."

When the Charles review toured London, George Harrison viewed it on television, and Billy was invited to musically contribute to *Abbey Road* and *Let It Be*, the Beatles' final LPs, and to become part of the Apple "core," recording two solo albums with the company. About the fatal dissension among the members of the Beatles, Billy hesitates to comment, no doubt feeling the critical differences were their business, and improper to speculate about. "All I can say is that playing with the Beatles was an incredible experience," recalls Billy. "They would come into the studio with only the kernel of an idea, then extemporaneously build parts upon it with each member contributing. Who knows if there'll ever be anything like that again." Though Billy did not discuss personalities, it's curious that he has played on each of the ex-members' solo LPs, except for Paul McCartney's.

And how did playing with the Rolling Stones on *Exile On Main Street* strike Billy's fancy, especially in the face of the torrent of negative criticism directed at that LP? "I believe it was a good effort, the Stones were trying to do something different branching out and doing some of the things they always wanted to," defended Preston. "People



have criticized the exorbitant amount of time the album took to make, but that was because the sessions were so laid back and relaxed, they had more time to work than most groups are allowed, more time to experiment." Although this reporter heartily disagreed with Billy on the quality of *Exile*, one of the few enlightened cuts on it was definitely "Shine A Light" which features Preston.

Billy receives his most important thrust to recognition when George Harrison introduced him as one of his friends at the Concert for Bangla Desh. Even though Billy's "back-up" group was fairly competent (Harrison, Leon Russell, Ringo, and Eric Clapton) Preston's sheer talent outran the charisma of those surrounding him. It is said that his performance still draws the most applause when the movie plays at theaters.

There have been several, semi-humorous occasions though, where Billy's rich performances unfortunately "lost their potency." "Not once, but twice on national TV, Joey Bishop and David Frost, my organ's power went out in the middle of a number. The first time I just smiled and made like the audio went out

upstairs. The second time I "finger-synched" with my accompanying pianist. But, can you imagine, there's no winding back of those tapes, that's it, and me with no power. But things like that keep you from getting too arrogant about your ability. It shows you that something can always supervene, no matter how good you are. Why, there was also a time when I was bouncing from keyboard to keyboard, as I do in my act, and the organ bench collapsed as I landed on it. Sure made a hit that night."

But when all the technical apparatus is in working order, the tidal wave of music Preston releases is something to behold. Once more at the Troubadour last week, he climbed on his gospel tiered organ, played solos on the bass foot pedals, spurted Bach interludes and the aforementioned Ray Charles imitation, and iced it all with his sphincter dancing antics. Once again Billy made like Moses, as a smiling ocean of ovation divided and made a path for him as he pranced off stage. You may not agree with his theology, but one celebration of his prodigious music will make you a religious believer in Billy Preston for life.

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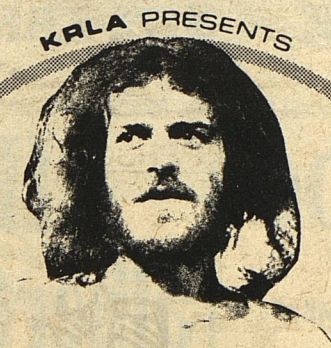
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PACIFIC PRESENTATIONS



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 ★★★★★ — generally excellent but lacking in one way or another

★★★★ — distinguishedly above average
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 ★ — of poor quality; save your money

In balance, however, *Radio Dinner* is a funny album on which nothing is sacred and anything resembling good taste has been thrown out the window. In addition to the regular bits, there are numerous one-liners delightfully sprinkled throughout the record; listen particularly for the final line of the album, which just about sums up the whole thing.

ROCK OF AGES (The Band). Produced by The Band. Capitol SABB-11045. (two discs)
 ★ ★ ★ 1/2

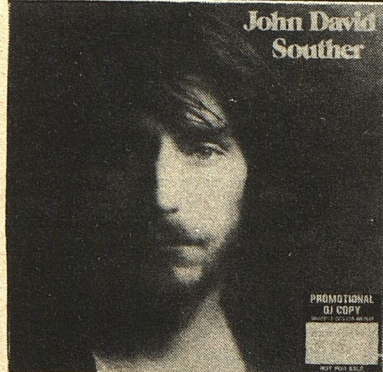
There is very little new about this two-record set — three new songs and a four-man horn section. The new songs are really nothing special — in fact, "Don't Do It" is really pretty bad — but the horns truly don't belong on a Band album. On the plus side is the fact that there is a "life" in the music on this album which has been missing since the group's second album (this being their fifth). If this live recording is a correct indication, it wouldn't be at all a bad idea if The Band were to record all of their future efforts in

concert; the difference is certainly a very obvious and pleasant one.

EVERYBODY'S IN SHOW-BIZ (The Kinks). Produced by Ray Davies. RCA VPS-6065. (two discs)
 ★ ★ ★

This two-record package features one disc of new material and one recorded live. Both are only slightly better than mediocre.

The "new" record features nine average songs performed by a very (please turn to page 19)

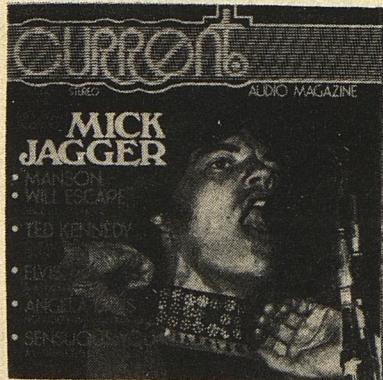


JOHN DAVID SOUTHER (John David Souther). Produced by J.D. Souther and Fred Catero. Asylum SMD-5055.
 ★ ★ ★

J.D. Souther used to be half of a group called Longbranch Pennywhistle with Glenn Frey, now a major part of The Eagles. His debut as a solo artist is an uneven one, at best, but with enough positive aspects to make it worth noting.

The performances are all quite good, as is the production. There are some unavoidable sound similarities to the Eagles and Jackson Browne, as all three artists utilize each other's talents. But the problem is that Souther, who wrote all ten songs here, is not that great a writer. To be sure, there are some fine songs here (particularly "The Fast One," "How Long" and "Kite Lady"); but there are also a few unimaginative pieces which rely much too heavily on cliché.

In summary, however, I think it is fair to say that if you like any of The Eagles' or Jackson Browne's albums, you will probably find something to like here, as well.



CURRENT AUDIO MAGAZINE (Vol. 1, No. 1). Edited by Jeff Kamen; publisher Michael Goldstein. Buddah Records.
 ★ ★ ★ 1/2

The idea of a mixed media magazine format is not quite a new one; *Aspen* magazine tried it as far back as five years ago. However, *Aspen* is no longer around, but *Current* is.

Current consists of an eight-page printed insert and a twelve-inch L.P. record. For the most part, it is a successful beginning to a new monthly publication.

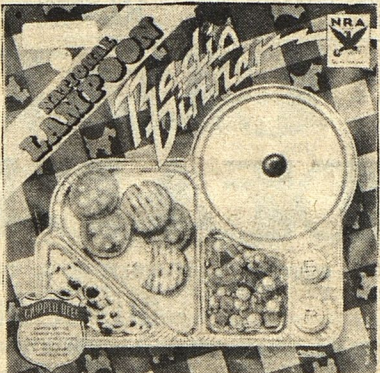
Current's major deficit is the fact that they have used their printed in-

sert for little more than an illustrated "Table of Contents." An expansion of that section to include appropriate background material would greatly enhance the value of the publication.

As for the record's thirteen cuts, the Ed Sanders' interview on Charles Manson is easily the most fascinating piece on the disc. The interviews with Mick Jagger, Angela Davis and Teddy Kennedy are also quite worth the listening, and the taped press conferences of Bella Abzug and Elvis Presley are minor collectors' items.

Where the record goes wrong is the point where the editors have opted to include the frivolous — in particular, Scoop Nisker's "Audio Mix" and Larry Schwab's ridiculous "Sensuous You" sex quiz which is perhaps the most clumsily realized piece on the whole disc. Finally, the Monty Python Flying Circus cut comes off as little more than an obvious hype for Buddah Records' (also distributor of *Current*) newly acquired comedy group.

In short, *Current Audio Magazine* has, for the most part, made a very auspicious beginning. The concept is both informative and entertaining. And until home video systems are fully developed and marketed, *Current* should enjoy a well-deserved success.



RADIO DINNER (National Lampoon). Produced by Bob Tischler. Banana (Blue Thumb) BTS-38.
 ★ ★ ★

Anyone familiar with the *National Lampoon* magazine will know that their forte is satire and parody. This record is no exception — but, like the magazine, some of the material is brilliant while much of it falls flat on its plastic face.

There are over fourteen people who have contributed in one way or another to this disc, but the credit goes primarily to the three principal creators, Tony Hendra, Christopher Guest and Michael O'Donoghue.

Of the many bits of nonsense contained here, there are three that stand out as being exceptional. "Deteriorata" is an hilarious parody of Les Crane's recent hit record of "Desiderata." "Magical Misery Tour" (credited as being from the album entitled *Yoko Is A Concept By Which We Measure Our Pain*) is a John Lennon parody (definitely not suitable for airplay) on the pain of being a "genius" — complete with a *reductio ad absurdum* finale. And perhaps the funniest piece, a Joan Baez "live in concert" parody called "Pull the Tregros," includes the chorus line "Pull the triggers, niggers/We're with you all the way."

On the other hand, there are a couple of pieces which undoubtedly read well on paper, but which fail miserably in execution — most notably "Catch It And You Keep It," a satire on those greed-based game shows, and "Profiles in Crime" which parodies political campaigns as used car sales pitches. In the case of the latter cut, it would have worked well as a short gag; but it is so overdrawn that it loses its humor.

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At the Whisky

Foghat & LaCroix

PETER JAY PHILBIN

Jerry LaCroix stood in the doorway of the Whisky's upstairs dressing room. He mopped his face with a terry cloth towel; he pulled back the wet locks of his shoulder-length hair; and, once again, he tried to explain exactly why the band no longer could use the name "White Trash." Edgar Winter had agreed to let Jerry

and the band keep the name; but Winter's manager, Steve Paul, later decided that this parting gift might hinder the sales of the *Roadwork* album. So Edgar's ex-band was forced to look around for a new name; they became "LaCroix."

Neither LaCroix nor the new Edgar Winter group have ventured very far from the style and concept

of their initial collaboration; in fact, the first album, simply entitled *Edgar Winter's White Trash*, stands as the most polished product of these musicians. Both LaCroix and Edgar Winter bathe in excessive tendencies and "sweat set" techniques and, probably because of these tendencies and techniques, both bands are applauded by masses of boogie-eyed, solo-stunned rock children. I, for one, find it difficult to sit through an entire set of the present Edgar Winter and LaCroix bands; but, for those who wonder where the better parts of White Trash wound up, the answer is LaCroix.

On opening night, LaCroix headlined over Foghat, a flamboyantly-tight new English blues group who had headlined the Whisky's bill on the previous three evenings. Foghat is an offspring of the Savoy Brown band. Two years ago, singer-guitarist Dave Peverett, basist Tone Stevens and drummer Roger Earl left Kim Simmonds' group. By placing an ad in *Melody Maker*, they found guitarist Rod Price and Foghat was born. "We had some bread left over from Savoy Brown," says Lonesome Dave who tells how the new band practiced for a year, found their manager, Tony Outeda, and eventually received an advance to do the album they recently released on Bearsville Records.

The Foghat album was an expensive one to make, taking up six months of "trial and error" studio time. The band wanted their first release to be right. They used a number of producers and re-recorded their songs a couple of times. On the album cover, Dave Edmunds is the credited producer; but Todd Rundgren contributed the mix of "Trouble, Trouble" and Nick Jameson had a hand in a few of the other tunes. According to Lonesome Dave, Edmunds had come into the studio when the album was almost completed. Originally, he had intended only to re-mix one cut, a Willie Dixon tune ("I Just Want To Make Love To You") which the old Savoy Brown band often had used as an encore number. Dave Edmunds did such a nice job with that re-mix that the Foghat group decided to let him re-do almost the entire album. "Recording was always a rush when we were with Savoy Brown," says Dave Peverett. "Because Savoy was always on tour, we often had no more than a week to cut an album.

We didn't want that to happen this time."

In economic studies of rock bands, Savoy Brown stands out as a unique and interesting case. Lead guitarist Kim Simmonds and his managing brother, Harry, formed the band in the middle '60s. They have released eight Savoy Brown albums and, through the years, over three dozen musicians have filled-in the less permanent positions of the Simmonds' band.

The original Savoy Brown broke-up after the first album and, shortly thereafter, Dave Peverett, Tone Stevens and Roger Earl joined Kim Simmonds (and, for a time, Chris Youlden) to make-up the Savoy band that gained mass popularity in the United States.

The band that was to become Foghat stayed with Simmonds through Savoy Brown's best albums (*Getting To the Point*, *Blue Matter*, *A Step Further*, *Raw Sienna* and *Looking In*). But when the English Decca recording contract came-up for renewal (with the *Looking In* album) it became apparent to Peverett, Stevens and Earl that they could no longer stomach being the underpaid portion of Savoy Brown. The Decca recording contract was in Kim Simmonds' name; and manager Harry Simmonds made it perfectly clear that the power rested not in the music, not in the stage performances, but, instead, on the dotted line. And if one's name wasn't on the dotted line, then, despite the praise and the superstar varnish, it became obviously clear that one was little more than a hired back-up musician.

Dave Peverett is reluctant to elaborate on the details of the Savoy Brown band. There are questions concerning past royalties and percentages. "I don't want to talk about that," he says, "because Harry would cause problems for us. He's caused some already."

Foghat's first American tour has been successful beyond expectations. Savoy Brown has always had a strong following in the States and many of these avid followers, disappointed with Kim Simmonds' last tour and albums, have turned an ear towards Foghat.

Downstairs in the Whisky, a young lady pulls at Lonesome Dave's red velveted pant leg, Tone Stevens runs his brown polished fingernails down the neck of his bass guitar, Rod Price bows his head over his lead guitar and the band moves on into an applauded encore. The song is Chuck Berry's "Maybelline." It is one of the few tunes that this group uses, but did not write themselves.

The band is Foghat. And Foghat is a hard band to follow.

33 1/3 RPM

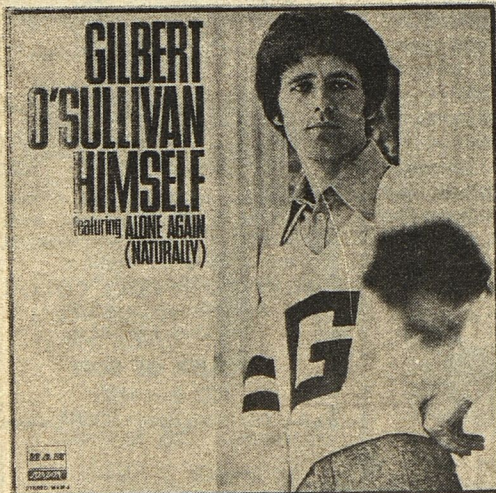
(continued from page 18)



tired-sounding group. Neither the material or the performances are anywhere near the excellent level of the group's last album, *Muswell Hillbillies*. The only saving grace is the last song, "Celluloid Heroes," which features some of Davies' faint lyrics; musically, this song (and the rest of the new material) sounds awfully familiar.

The live disc features a Kinks' show better than any I have ever heard. It's major virtue is that it is fun. Inclusions of such surprises as "Mr. Wonderful" and "Baby Face" keep the pace and energy (both of the performers and the audience) high. Only the drastically edited version of "Lola" (leaving only the final choruses) mar the fun of this disc. This kind of cutting is unforgivable.

Come to think of it, overall, the whole album is unforgivable when you consider how great The Kinks can be — and were just one album ago.



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Theatre

'The Rainmaker' at the Mermaid

LLOYD STEELE

The Play: A melodrama with more melo- than drama
The Production: Cleverly designed, but still crowded
The Performances: A range from passing to surpassing

It may not be fashionable to write plays like *The Rainmaker* anymore, but it is fashionable to write them off. So alien in spirit to the plays of modern theatre, in which emotions are something to be analyzed and not felt, and in which problems are considered more dramatic than solutions, N. Richard Nash's melodrama about a spinster whose sexual drought is watered by a travelling rainmaker, is a relic of a not-too-distant, but seemingly ancient era in the theatre, in which characters said exactly what they thought and plays had a moral rather than a theme. "Well-made" we called such plots-masquerading-as-plays then, if we admired them; "well-made" we call them now, if we despise them.

But I'm convinced that we impoverish our theatre if we ride such melodramas out of town on the rails of modern critical attitudes. *The Rainmaker* may not be a great play; it may, in fact, be no more than an outline with the sub-headings still to be pencilled in; but I don't think we should dismiss it simply because it is fashionable to believe that it is naive and we are not.

Nor, of course, should we overlook its faults. The play does get carried away on the momentum of its own hokum — the sudden thunder storm at the end of the play is logically and dramatically implausible — and the sexual imagery in the play — like the magic "stick" with which the rainmaker splits the heavens to end the spinster's drought — are so contrived and obvious that Freud himself would have been embarrassed. And no era, however worldly unwise, could regard the play's morals — that a good tumble in the hay conquers all; that the only way to co-exist with life is in some buffer state between one's dreams and reality — as anything but semi-precious nuggets of fool's wisdom.

But even if the play does hit below our sophisticated belt, it is so cleverly put together and so dramatically effective, that only the most picky referee would insist on the foul. It seems an hypocrisy to me that the same critics who praise such cleverly-crafted material on television condemn it in the theatre.

John L. Larson's talent as a director is as considerable as it is traditional, and to him must go the credit for the rare and wonderful ensemble feel of the family scenes. (I use that word loosely, since nothing like ensemble acting can be found anywhere in the American theatre.) At moments, the effect is so real that you could swear the four actors were related. About none of his stage mechanics do I have any complaint, for he is a craftsman in the best sense of that word, but I would suggest that the heat, since it is one of the major characters, and since it is the prime symbol and mover of the action — "The world goes mad on a hot night" — be made more palpable and oppressive.

At the least, the six actors and one actress are proof that there is a

whale of a difference between acting on film, where in the name of "realism," most actors underplay to the point of indulgence, and acting on the stage, where it is still possible to exaggerate an emotion and to be what once was called "larger than life." At their best, they are a reminder that there is a hell of a lot of good but unheralded talent in this city. Only about Warren Vanders as the rainmaker do I have any serious reservations. The bluff and bravado of his role seems too alien to his own personality and he never quite overcomes the impression that he is struggling gamely against his natural type.

You might not recognize the name of George Dunn, but you would recognize his face from countless roles in films and television. He gives a lovely, "country-fied" perfor-

mance as the sheriff. Hal Bokar, who was so impressive in their last production of *After the Fall*, plays the deputy, who is roped in to scratch Lizzie's sexual itch, without a hint of condescension to the cuteness of the role. Chris Beaumont, as the little brother, has more energy than would Tina Turner on mescaline, but he knows exactly how to control it for both humor and pathos. Tom McFadden as Noah Curry, the big brother, is even more forceful and resourceful than the role demands. Frank Janson, as the patriarch of the clan, skirts every cliché in the role to bring a kind of wry dignity to the impulsive old man.

But the greenest laurels go to Lorinne Vozoff as Lizzie. Without even a backward glance at Katherine Hepburn's screen characterization, she turns the role inside

out to come up with details of gesture, movement, and voice perfectly suited to the pinched prune of a spinster who becomes an appetizing plum after being watered by the rainmaker. I talked to Lorinne (a practice I intend to make a permanent part of my reviews when I admire a performance as much as this one) and learned that she has been a professional actress for eight years, during which time she studied drama and performed in several Equity productions in Illinois and Wisconsin. Two years ago, she came to Los Angeles, disillusioned by the theatre in general and by her own lack of development in particular, and began attending classes immediately at Jack Garfein's Actor's and Director's Lab in Beverly Hills. Convinced that she has many years to go before she has mastered her craft, in the sense, she says, that Kim Stanley has mastered it, she is nonetheless satisfied that she is at last able to rely on her technical skills rather than on something so transitory as "inspiration." Garfein adheres very closely to the

Stanislavsky method — the "text" for the class is AN ACTOR PREPARES — and he has turned out some extraordinary talents. Lorinne, young as she is, is among them, and her performance is more than abundant evidence that, if skill is a concomitant of success, she has a very fine future ahead of her, indeed.

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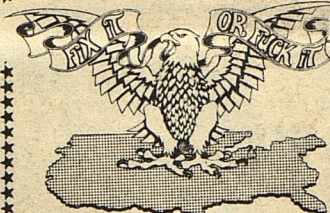
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Theatre

Tom Eyen's 'Two Sisters'

LLOYD STEELE

Even at my ever less tender age, I have seen more than enough plays to know that in only about one in ten of them is intelligence a factor. Yet I persist, like the critical Pollyanna that I am, to give the benefit of the doubt to each new play and each new playwright. I spent a good three hours trying to make something comprehensible out of Tom Eyen's two "experimental" plays called *Two Sisters* (From *Springfield, Ill.*), for instance, before I decided that, since the playwright had not bothered to make any sense out of what he put on the stage, why should I? Why should I do the work he should have done clear back at the outlining stage? Incompetence I can forgive; laziness I can't. It's a crime for which no audience can be excused, for which no critic can be excused, and for which no writer can be excused.

Like too many other young writers, Eyen — who wrote the *Dirtiest Show in Town*, which wasn't — assumes that the word "experimental" gives him instead of the freedom to improve on the old forms, the license to ignore them. So he has come up with a gimmick to develop it, three gimmicks as characters, and a gimmick to resolve it. He may call it a play. But I would be less charitable and call it six gimmicks in search of a responsible author.

What he had in mind was a cartoon indictment of the sexual preoccupation in this country in which three stick figures meet in a carnival fun house, with America leering at them from the wings, and strip the complexes from their souls as they strip the clothes from their bodies. But he leaves too many loose ravellings of plot and theme. They get snarled into tight little knot that Eyen can't hope to untangle. And while he's distracted by the Gordian trying, he leaves his characters and his situation stranded in mid-development. No final panel would have made the comic strip work. But it would have been nice to have had one nevertheless.

In the first of the plays, Eyen introduces a "man" and a "woman" and has them re-create all the sexual encounters and the traumas of their pasts (which, for the most part, are indistinguishable). But he's so busy leering at his own characters, that he forgets to tell us *Why Hanna's Skirt Won't Stay Down*, a revelation that would have been at least of prurient interest. But he does finagle everything well enough to pull off a stunning *coup de theatre* at the final curtain: the actors freeze in place and only then do you realize that the fun house has been a metaphor for life itself, and that the characters have been the freaks who people it, and not the paying customers who patronize it.

The second play continues the same metaphor — to no effect this time — and introduces a single new character to complicate rather than elucidate the action. Again Eyen doesn't bother to answer the question in his title — *Who Killed My Bald Sister Sophie?* — but by this time you wouldn't have cared if he had. He completely loses himself in

the maze of his ideas (and Edward Albee's: the sisters argue over an imaginary child, and there are more puns on "sun" and "son" than even punning Edward would condone). He gets caught down all those cul-de-sacs of logic, then tacks on an ending to convince you that he knew where he was going all along. But that ending is a patent cop-out, a transparent gimmick involving a slide show and a statue inserted in an unmentionable body orifice which makes the entire joke of the play seem dirty and cheap.

The plays are not utterly devoid of meaning (though perhaps they should have been, since so many critics would then have embraced them as masterpieces in the theatre of nil), for there is a theatrical sense about them that makes them endurable if not enjoyable. What these *Two Sisters* need is the goose of a staging with all the traditional stops pulled out, a production that would dazzle over the weaknesses in the script and highlight the few instances of genuine wit and sharp theatricality. At La Mama in New York, where they were first produced as part of a trilogy of plays, and where Eyen himself directed them, they would probably have gotten that production. But the group at the Mermaid Theatre in Hollywood, though very expert in traditional theatre, plays its experimental cards too close to the table. And the individual actors are too committed to their own stardom to understand what experimental theatre is and what it demands of an actor. They tiptoe down the dark, mordant corridors of the play as if a good loud galumph might bring the whole thing avalanching down upon them.

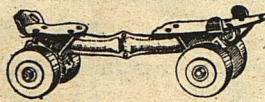
The pussy-footer in charge is Kim La Casse (whose previous work I do not know). He brings almost nothing to the material that is not clearly spelled out in the script. And his pace is so languid that the entire production seems bogged down beneath its own weight.

His hand on the black humor of the play is especially heavy and it seems no longer outrageous, but "aboutrageous." You have to provide a little pigment of your own if you want to darken it up again.

Lea Gould plays Hanna of the grotesquerie she must be if the play is to have any guts at all, but as a misunderstood meshugana made mad by her sexual frenzy. Trudy Baker as her bald sister Sophie plays all of her lines — straight,

satiric, funny or sad — in the same nasal, almost whiney tone of voice and whatever ha-ha is in the lines is made ho-hum in the performance. She seems a fine enough actress, but she is obviously uncomfortable in her comic strip role and should stick to more traditional characters. Only Mark Bond as Arizona, all the narcissistic young men in both their lives, has an idea of what he wants to do with his role, which is surprising since Eyen never seems to have made up his mind. At one point, Bond admires himself in the mirror and coos, "I'm probably God, but I'm not sure." Nor was Eyen. Nor am I.

Actually Eyen is his own best critic and he obviously knows the flaws in his plays better than I. He uses the lines, for instance, to apologize for his own glibness (a line like "cocktail gossip makes my conscience vomit" makes my conscience vomit), and he defines exactly what is wrong with many of those lines when he has one character say "how I hate cleverness that confuses emotion." He describes many of his conversations — which are primarily composed of monologues, since no one seems able to write good dialogue anymore — as "vague, meaningless, and carefully contrived." And he describes his own shortcomings as a dramatist, really, when he writes, near the end of the play, that there have been "no answers or reasons, just silly little questions, filling up the void, sucking up time."



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Do-It-Now scoreboard

Garbage: A report on street psychedelics

VIC PAWLAK

For many years, during the early days of psychedelics experimentation, it is safe to say that with rare exceptions, most of the drugs being sold were pure. Mescaline Sulfate could still be purchased through chemical supply houses by any doctor who wanted to use it for "experimental" purposes, and the lysergic chemicals used to make LSD were not all that closely guarded. In fact, psychedelics were still legal in many states.

The first "bummer" drug we got wind of was "THC." This chemical, which was supposed to be tetrahydrocannabinol, a synthetic product with heavy marijuana effects, actually turned out in virtually every case to be PCP, an animal tranquilizer with many adverse reactions. After many bad trips, people started wising up a little. The first we heard about the PCP-substitution was early 1967, around the time when THC first became a popular topic in the news media. Still, many people didn't catch on, as realistic street-level drug education was largely confined to word-of-mouth.

Today, the fact that virtually all of the "THC" going around is actually PCP is still largely unknown by its users. Each new generation of drug experimenters buy this phony THC unwittingly, not knowing that real tetrahydrocannabinol is so expensive to produce that they couldn't even begin to pay for the raw chemicals with their hard-earned \$2, or whatever the drug has been sold for.

LSD and the 'Organic' Game

Let's play a word game. Suppose I tell you that the use of LSD has been going down slightly as of late. Would you say that statement was

- True
- False

Surprise! The answer is, both are right. Are you a bit skeptical? Let's explain.

Over the years, due to unfavorable publicity, increased search for a milder trip than LSD, and the big Madison Avenue hype that "organics" are better for you, it has become more popular to ingest "mescaline" or "psilocybin" in search of whatever you are searching for.

The trouble is, more and more people are experiencing unfavorable reactions and "bummers" from these "milder" drugs, the same reactions they were trying to avoid by not taking LSD. The reason for this mystery to many, which all exploded with the rise in street-drug analysis programs in the U.S., Canada and Europe. As the samples were turned in, it was discovered that virtually all of the "mescaline" and "psilocybin" was actually LSD, or on occasion LSD-PCP combinations. Thus, with the increased demand for "organic" chemicals, the actual ingestion of LSD has in reality skyrocketed.

In our street drug analysis program in Los Angeles, we experienced many personal shocks as the first results were made known. Qualitative analysis through the USC Medical Center proved, of course, that THC was really always PCP, but to our amazement we were unable for several months to acquire a genuine sample of real mescaline.

PharmChem Laboratories in Palo Alto, as well as the University of the Pacific School of Pharmacy in

Stockton, helped a lot in gathering data, proving the point that real mescaline and psilocybin were virtually unobtainable anywhere!

Analysis data from the East Coast, Toronto, Amsterdam and other places was compared, and matched our findings exactly. On top of this, we were receiving samples from all over the U.S., as well as older samples which were carefully saved from batches going back as far as four years.

One particular person brought in six samples of "mescaline," carefully frozen, which had been purchased at intervals for the last three years. The results were amazing. One of the older samples contained only STP. The rest contained either LSD only or LSD-PCP combinations. Similar results, made with an overwhelming emphasis on weak or badly made LSD only, were produced for older samples of psilocybin.

Cause of Bummers Revealed

Over the years, the people at Do It Now, as well as the people at most free clinics, drug clinics and drug crisis centers around the country, have developed a healthy fear of strychnine poisoning. The fear seemed well-founded without access to actual analysis data. However, as the data poured in, we noticed that with only rare, almost accidental exceptions, no strychnine has been found in samples of psychedelics which had been tested!

The rationale for believing in strychnine poisoning was basically sound. Symptoms of what looked like strychnine poisoning were found in many bummers, and the conclusion seemed obvious. But the lack of evidence of this chemical in analysis data was puzzling. As pointed out soon in "LSD and the Market Place" (Univ. of the Pacific street drugs bulletin), it was found that excessive doses of pure LSD (over 250 micrograms) could in many cases emanate the beginning signs of strychnine poisoning. In addition, we found that impurities and faulty manufacture of the LSD itself could cause these symptoms. Believing that he had gotten strychnine-laced acid, these beginning signs, which are not actually physically dangerous, could then be magnified by the tripper into a full-scale bum trip.

Another interesting fact was the myth that much of the LSD and other psychedelics was cut with speed, which caused understandable "speedy" reactions. These, we found, were due largely to impurities in synthesis and not amphetamine itself. However, although we have not found much speed in psychedelics on the West Coast, there have been some instances of this finding elsewhere. However the supposition that a "speedy" reaction always indicates amphetamine in the psychedelic is false.

As mentioned earlier, in some cases findings indicated that PCP-LSD combinations were in use as "mescaline" and occasionally "psilocybin." This, naturally, would increase chances of a bummer. And of course, set and setting are always of paramount importance, as improper surrounding conditions can always induce a bad reaction despite the actual quality of the psychedelic ingested. Add to this the particular people whose body chemistry and state of mind are not conducive to any sort of hallucinogenic chemical, and this will account for virtually all bad trips.

The Blind Trust Factor

Despite the fact that analysis data is important, it is of no practical value without a realistic way of conveying this information to the drug subculture. In some locations, analysis programs are prohibited by local authorities from conveying their findings to the public, or have no convenient vehicle for reporting these results.

The Do It Now Foundation, however, has developed a system through the L.A. Free Press and four area radio stations to reach upwards of one million people a week in the 14-25 age group in Los Angeles County. This weekly scoreboard has been invaluable in helping stop par-

ticularly bad batches of street psychedelics within a day after they hit the streets.

In addition, analysis data has also given us the needed authority to speak knowingly regarding the danger of barbiturates, amphetamines and opiate drugs when these are found to be impure.

Though this particular program has achieved a great deal of success, it has made us aware of how much users everywhere blindly depend on their street dealers for reliable information on the drugs they are buying. We are in a constant controversy with local dealers regarding who has the most reliable information on what is going around, and we inevitably win because of a combination of long-established community trust in the Do It Now program, and analysis data to back up our claims.

However, without analysis our program would only have the credibility of any other ex-user program anywhere else in the country, which is to say that we would be believed regarding general drug information; but would run a high risk of being doubted because we had no particular data on a particular batch of a particular psychedelic, which the dealer always claims has come from a "good" source in such-and-such city, and he guarantees it to be the real product.

As the reader may be well aware, the vendors of street drugs, particularly in the psychedelic category, usually sample their product before marketing it to potential users. Without concrete data to the contrary, users consider this reliable information because it comes from a "peer" source.

(please turn to page 23)

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A JUDGE GOES TO JAIL

PEGGY HOLTER

A "hanging judge." That's one with a reputation for handing down stiff sentences, including a trip to the gallows for the unluckier men who faced him.

Modern "hanging judges" can't send people to the gallows anymore but they can mete out the maximum punishment the law allows, and remain remarkably insensitive to the personal circumstances of offenders.

A hanging judge is exactly what Karl-Gustav Lindelow, a newly-appointed chief judge of a district court in southern Sweden, did not want to be. So, last year he asked for a six month leave of absence and checked himself into a Swedish prison to live as an inmate. At the end, he wrote of his experiences in an article entitled "The Judge Goes to Jail."

Judge Lindelow's observations have attracted the interest of some of the U.S., particularly the inmates of San Quentin, who recently published his ideas in the *San Quentin News*.

The basic difference between the Swedish concept of prison and the American (where there are Police Chiefs who aspire to be "hanging judges" at airports) is that the Swedes believe that going to prison (mere deprivation of liberty) is punishment enough. You don't go there to be punished. Swedish prisons, therefore, concentrate on rehabilitation and easing the adjustment process for prisoners going back into society.

Judge Lindelow notes that "For most people, a prison term is an ordeal, both physically and mentally. I was especially stricken by how quickly physical deterioration can set in." He comments, however, that mental deterioration is a more serious problem and urges that measures be taken "to build up the prisoner's mental preparedness for his return to society."

The Swedish penal system has experimented extensively with furloughs, similar to, but more far-reaching than, the controversial passes granted California inmates. A Swedish prisoner at an "open institution" with a short term can take a furlough as early as six months after he begins serving his sentence. At a "closed institution" (for more serious crimes) a furlough can come within the first year. Good behavior on a furlough entitles the prisoner to reapply every three months.

Additional special furloughs can be granted for job or house-hunting, for the prisoner to visit a seriously ill relative, attend a funeral, or receive important visitors outside of prison. The Swedes place much emphasis on a prisoner having his domestic, financial, and employment matters well organized before he takes the big step outside on, what they hope, is a permanent basis.

Again, unlike the American experience, the Swedish experiment with furloughs has produced good results. Only an estimated 10 to 11% of those granted furloughs arbitrarily "extend" their holiday and return late. This figure also includes those who return to prison on time but in a state of advanced inebriation. Given this experience, leaves are no longer granted during the big "drinking" holidays like Midsummer.

Another major difference between the Swedish and American penal systems is that the Swedes stress the individual preventative viewpoint rather than the general deterrent one. In fact, this attitude underlies virtually all prison reform.

The major exception is drunk driving, an offense against which Swedish law is applied with such pitiless severity that most Swedes would rather sleep in the street than lay hand to wheel after a stint in a bar. Stockholm taxis do a brisk late night business.

Judge Lindelow says he distinguishes between professional criminals on the one hand, and occasional offenders on the other. To help make these distinctions, the Judge feels the courts should rely on personal data drawn from medical and psychiatric investigations, child welfare boards, searches into the prisoner's social background. The Judge believes he and the convict can form a "sense of brotherhood."

"A mutual commitment to

rehabilitation by the judge and the convict opens roads to a new goal orientation and sense of responsibility in the convict himself. He can be enticed into showing involvement in the choice of punishment instead of fearful, repressed subjugation to the authority of the court."

The Judge also has novel views on minority offenders. He believes the court should pay more attention to "the defendant's social environment." If a defendant is a member of a subculture, he cautions, "his ethics may be such that punishment can be replaced with an explanation of the rules of society."

Under the Criminal Code passed in 1965 Swedish laws levy a combination of fines and imprisonment for a variety of offenses. In some cases fines can be converted to prison terms, such as is the case with traffic violations in the U.S. In Sweden a victim may sue the defendant in a criminal case for damages.

At first glance this may seem like just another instance of the rich, those able to pay fines, buying "justice." But in Sweden the difference between the salary of the president of a major corporation, \$11,000 a year after taxes, and the average workingman, \$5,000 a year after taxes, is not nearly as great as in the U.S. Judge Lindelow is concerned about this too. "In addition to the worries of a prisoner about the fidelity of his wife, the education of his children, about rent and installment payments, there is often

upon release brutal hopelessness in the face of large indemnifications." He would like to see an insurance against crime with the government assuming responsibility, so that the injured party is protected and the criminal not put hopelessly in debt.

The Judge favors prisoners' representative councils, which he sees not only as a means of allowing a prisoner to have his wishes expressed to the prison bureaucracy, but also as a way of creating solidarity.

He believes also that prisoners should have access to TV, radio and newspapers, and that mail censorship should be abolished. This lessens the estrangement from the society the prisoner will someday rejoin. Free access to mail strengthens family ties.

Unlike American prisons which are mostly mammoth citadels holding hundreds or thousands of inmates in sparsely populated areas, Swedish prisons are small institutions located in cities. Judge Lindelow believes that about 40 inmates is "economically justifiable and organizationally appropriate." It allows for social interaction and special individual care.

The Swedish goal is more prisons for fewer prisoners. At present there are about 5,000 prisoners in Sweden for the over 6,000 available units.

The Judge strongly recommends therapy groups, even if members are not psychologically trained. Talking

about anything is preferable to planning future crimes.

The Swedes have also acted on many of the demands which striking American prisoners have made: decent pay for work performed during incarceration; education and vocational training for useful employment on the "outside." (No license plate manufacturing, please.)

(The Swedish National Correctional Administration has set up a Study Centre at the University at Uppsala and at county colleges, which convicts attend.)

Experiments are now being carried on which would give inmates salaries commensurate with the market value of their work and which would remove the compulsion to work, allowing them to choose other forms of treatment.

Judge Lindelow says that the value of little and seemingly trivial things like good food and pleasant surroundings can not be underestimated. Any symbols of "a clear moral condemnation" cause "a negative reaction with defiance and bitterness towards the society into which the prisoner was to be rehabilitated."

Summing up the value of his experience, Judge Lindelow strongly urges that each judge have an equivalent one. He suggests that aspiring judges, district attorneys and lawyers do their military service (compulsory in Sweden, a neutral country) in jail.

He also believes that courts should be composed of not only jurists and lay people, but psychiatrists, labor union leaders, welfare and probation officers, and social workers, so that prison can become a "positive experience" aiding those who have had "failures" in personal, family or occupational life to get themselves back together again.

Sound far-fetched, idealistic, unworkable in American society? Perhaps, but a country like Sweden which has managed to solve many of the inequities of urban life and has less than .01% of its population in prison is worth some further study.

As one Swedish correctional official puts it, "There is no sure method for treating criminals as there is for kidney stones ... One must grope forward."

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KPFK RADIO GRAM

THE SHERLOCK HOLMES RADIO MYSTERY THEATRE — "The Adventure of the Devil's Foot," first in a series of radio dramatizations, perpetrated by local Sherlockians. 8 p.m. Thurs. 9/7 (also 3 p.m. 9/11).

UNDER THE GUN — Nonsense of a very high order produced by some maniacs at WBAI with the able participation of the Purple Pirate, Captain Snark, Fearless Anthony Trellis, and the Vicar of Soho. 11 p.m. Thurs. 9/7.

CHILE: Christianity and Revolution — The series Chile Today continues with an examination of Christianity as a potentially vital ingredient in a new Socialism for Latin America. 3:30 p.m. Sat. 9/9; rebroadcast 10 p.m. Tue. 9/12

WRITERS & WRITING — David Bromige, a leading American poet at the age of 35, reads from two of his six published volumes of poetry, comments, and reads some unpublished work. 8:30 p.m. Sun. 9/10 (also 2 p.m. 9/13).

STUDIO A CONCERT — Medieval and Renaissance music from England, France, Italy, Spain and the Netherlands, played on instruments of the period by The Camerata Musicale. 10 p.m. Weds. 9/13 (also 2:30 9/12).

YOUNG AND GAY — Male and female members of Gay Youth of Los Angeles in a panel discussion on education, the family, the legal system, and the problem of finding one's sexual & social identity. Phone to participate: 877-2711 or 984-2711. 10:30 p.m. Weds. 9/13.

INSIDE ATTICA — Frank Smith — a "leader" of last year's prison rebellion talks about prison conditions, the massacre, the effect of the revolt on the prison and its inmates, and their need for outside support. 3 p.m. Tues. 9/13.

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REVISITING LAS VEGAS

RIDGELY CUMMINGS

The last time I went to Las Vegas I got married there. We went by train that time and checked into a hotel directly across from the railroad station. It was called the Sal Sagev, Las Vegas spelled backward.

The next morning my bride-to-be was embarrassed when I asked a chambermaid directions to the marriage bureau. She thought I should have waited until we got outside, since there was only one bed in our room.

This time I arrived in Las Vegas by bus at the Continental depot on

Fourth Street. It was about seven blocks to the Sal Sagev but I strolled there anyway for nostalgia's sake.

There had been some changes in ten years. For one thing the railroad station was gone and in its place across the street was a big high rise hotel called the Union Plaza, probably in memory of Union Station.

Our room had cost \$8 for a double ten years ago. Now it was \$9.54 for a single. The clerk told me the 54 cents was for hotel bed tax, apparently at six per cent.

Before I had a shower as well as a tub. This time I didn't specify a shower and didn't get one, and I needed one after six hours in the bus. We left L.A. at 9:50 a.m. and arrived a little after three.

However 10 years had brought some questionable improvements. The bell boy turned on noisy air conditioning. As soon as he left I turned it off and cranked open a window. He showed me how to work the television and radio, both free. I've been in hotels where you had to feed them quarters.

I tipped the bell boy and he tipped me back, giving me a chit for a free cocktail.

I could have gotten drunk if I'd wanted, for this was the fifth free drink I'd been offered and I hadn't gone into a casino yet. Later I was offered free drinks as I played Keno and in one place everybody who entered was given a free spin on a dollar slot machine. I won champagne but gave it to the girl watching the machine.

When I bought my \$15.95 bus ticket at Sixth and Main in Los Angeles the clerk asked me if I was stopping at the Las Vegas Strip or downtown. I said downtown, since I

was recently divorced and wanted to visit the scene of my courtship and marriage. If I'd said the Strip I would have been given tickets for \$2 in nickels and \$5 in playing chips, reducing the fare to about \$6 each way.

My so-called "Fun Book" for downtown Las Vegas contained free drinks which I didn't use at various places, several free breakfasts, two of which I used, and chits for nickels and bingo games and souvenirs which turned out mostly to be key chains.

Experienced Lost Wages commuters told me Greyhound was cheaper and faster but I took Continental because I had heard it was less crowded. I am six foot three or four (I used to be four but I think I'm shrinking with old age) and my legs are so long that I am more comfortable in a seat by myself. I was lucky on this most recent trip and had a seat all to myself until San Bernardino. There a good looking girl and two men got on. If I could have figured out a way to encourage the girl and at the same time discourage the men I probably would have had a seat partner.

Instead I sprawled out on both seats and pretended to be lost in a book I carried. The three doubled up with other unfortunates and left me alone.

At Barstow it was 105 degrees and the driver said it was 115 in Las Vegas. We got in Barstow around noon and before we left a gray-haired woman got on and took the window seat in front of me. The aisle seat was already occupied by a woman. The new arrival let down her seat until she was almost lying in my lap and then lit a cigarette. She smoked and coughed all the way to our destination.

Sometimes when I see young people smoking I feel like joining them. I quit three years ago but am still occasionally tempted. But when I listened to the hoarse moist cough of the woman in front of me I was glad I quit. She sounded like lung cancer.

Climbing to the high desert above

Do-It-Now

Garbage: Street psychedelics

(continued from page 21)

In addition, every user likes to believe that even though many bumper drugs are going around, for some reason this one particular drug from this one particular dealer is going to be genuine. This is largely due to simple blind trust, without consideration of the dealer's sources. (He's a good, reliable friend, why should he lie to me?) This is a fairly sound conclusion on the part of the potential user, but doesn't take into account the fact that these dealers have been usually lied to by their sources, and these sources by their sources, and so on. This chain eventually goes up to the chemists and syndicate people responsible for the drug's manufacture, who have learned to keep their mouths shut regarding the true contents of their fake THC, mescaline and psilocybin.

The Old Taste Test

When a drug is manufactured by the chemist, someone somewhere "tastes" it. That is, a small quantity of the drug is ingested to see what kind of trip is produced. If the LSD is well-manufactured, for example, it will usually be sold as LSD. However, if it is excessively mild or produces inferior reactions of some kind, it will usually go out as psilocybin or mescaline, as these drugs are supposed to be milder than LSD. If it is still recognizable as LSD and the market demands

San Bernardino the scenery was interesting but then it grew monotonous, mostly desert with sage brush and ruins and an occasional filling station emphasizing tow service. There must be many a car which starts out for the gambling capital and never gets there.

Near Baker we passed a sign notifying us of a turnoff for Zzyzz. I was reminded of a radio program my third and most recent ex-wife liked to listen to. Brother Somebody had a home spun delivery as he sold health food products and played old fashioned religious hymns. I seem to remember that he ran afoul of the law buy maybe he is still broadcasting. I no longer have one of his fans waking me up early in the morning to listen to the latest from Zzyzz.

It was hot when I arrived in Las Vegas in mid-afternoon. I had a bath and watched local TV and then went across the street to the Union Plaza where I had a ticket for a free luncheon. It happened lunch was over.

A pretty blonde in a red dress taught me how to play Keno, which I had forgotten. This is a game like a Chinese lottery. You mark anywhere from two to 15 numbers out of 80. Then 20 numbers are chosen at random and shown on a board. If you catch a sizable number of the numbers you win farying amounts, up to \$25,000 for all 15.

When I paid 60 cents for my first ticket the clerk gave me a card. He said if I wrote my name on it and dropped it in a box I might win \$1000 or a new car. I did this and learned the drawing would be in ten minutes. I went back to play another game of Keno but my pretty instructress was gone.

I went back to watch the drawing. An Oriental girl won and seemed very excited. I walked out and down to the El Cortez Hotel where I had a ticket for a free meal.

After eating I lost two games of Keno and won a jackpot on a nickel slot machine and then came outside to find myself in a mixture of sand storm and rain.

There was a terrific cloudburst

and I got drenched as I ran back to my hotel. Up in my palatial room I hung up my clothes to dry and stretched out on the bed reading Alexander Solzhenetzen.

The Russian recently won the Nobel Prize for literature. He is a fascinating writer but I was surprised he won recognition for he writes very much like me, mostly about himself and his prison experiences and his health and adventures.

One of Solzhenetzen's short stories starts: "When I arrived in Tashkent that winter I was practically a corpse. I came there to die."

Another story: "In the summer of 1953 I was returning from the hot dusty wastelands, pushing my way aimlessly back to Russia." It turned out he had been in prison on the other side of the Urals.

I fell asleep dreaming I won the Nobel Prize but then it turned into the big red car on display outside the Union Plaza.

In my dream I didn't want the car. I wanted the thousand dollars. I told the contest people I already had a car which met my needs and if I got a new car where I lived it would be stripped some night. One of my neighbors bought a new Volkswagon and parked it outside her house, next to mine. The next morning the wheels were missing. It never occurred to me in the dream that I could sell the car and take the money.

I was up by 5 a.m. with dry clothes and had various adventures, including meeting a young but tough girl who had been married three years and was angry with her husband. I met her at the Fremont Hotel Casino. She said she hated her husband, a dealer at another hotel, and asked if I had a room at the Fremont. She wanted to punish her husband through me.

But I had already given up my room at the Sal Sagev and anyway it was nearly time to catch my bus back.

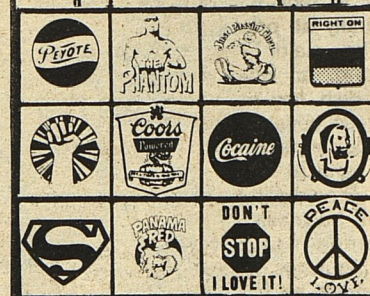
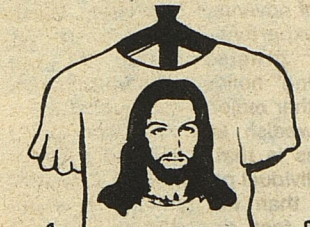
I won on the slot machines and at bingo, lost at Keno, made about two-thirds of my expenses, and broke even on the girls, resisting the temptation to take advantage of an unhappy woman. But if I had met her during the rainstorm it might have been a different story.

REMEMBER — That "organic" mescaline and psilocybin are just as much a myth as synthetic mescaline and psilocybin. They rarely appear, unless you make them yourself out of the original products.

REMEMBER — Support local efforts to establish drug analysis services, and once you've got them, use them.



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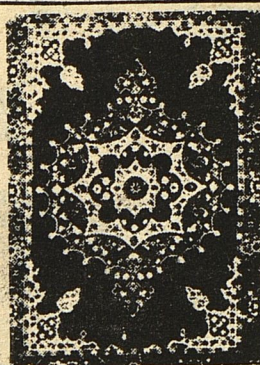
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BALBOA PARK: 1,400 acre cultural center and largest municipal park in the United States; site of the National Shakespearean Festival, floral displays Old Globe Theatre, Cassius Carter Center Stage, Spreckels Outdoor Organ, San Diego Zoo, art galleries, museums and gardens. Daily. Laurel St. at Sixth Ave.

MISSION BAY PARK: Multi-million dollar aquatic playland with 4,600 acres of water, fun, facilities for every type of water sport; boating, sailing, water skiing, swimming, fishing and surfing. Luxury hotels, excellent restaurants, boat and equipment rentals, camp-ground. Daily. Off Interstate 5 at Grand Ave. or Sea World Drive.

SAN DIEGO ZOO AND CHILDREN'S ZOO: The world's largest collection of wild animals on outdoor display all year. Open daily at 9 A.M. Guided bus tours available. Balboa Park.

MUSEUM OF MAN: Is exhibiting historical harps, with demonstrations 1 to 4PM on weekends.

AERO SPACE MUSEUM: Aircraft from Montgomery gliders to the Age of Apollo.

THEATRE

23rd ANNUAL SAN DIEGO SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL: San Diego's famous Old Globe Theatre in Balboa Park is once again the scene for Shakespeare fans. This year the distinguished theatre will have on the boards: "The Merry Wives of Windsor," "Love's Labor Lost," and "King Richard III." The three plays will alternate in repertory. Through Sept. 17.

DON JUAN IN HELL: By George Bernard Shaw. Opens Sept. 1 at the Civic Theatre.

"BEYOND THE FRINGE" — This topical comedy revue with lively music provides refreshing sketches and diverting commentary on our life and times. Performances nightly except Monday, plus Sat. and Sun. matinees, through Sept. 17. Cassius Carter Center Stage, Balboa Park.

MY FAIR LADY: In Laguna Beach's Irvine Bowl. Sept. 8, 9, 10; 15, 16, 17; 22, 23, 24 at 8PM. Tickets: (714) 497-2100.



JOHN MAYALL, pictured above, will appear in casual concert at the San Diego Sports Arena, Saturday, Sept. 23, 1972. His latest album is entitled, "Jazz Blues Fusion." Show time is 8:00 p.m.

MUSIC

FOLK ARTS: "The Korn Family" old-time banjo and fiddle songs and ballads: Sept. 9 "Montezuma's Revenge" jugband, good-time music: Sept. 16. 3743 5th Ave., 8PM. 291-1786.

PINK FLOYD: At the San Diego Community Concourse. Sept. 16 at 8PM. \$5 advance, \$5.50 the day of the show. Metro ticket agencies or box office: 236-6510.

JOHN MAYALL: Coming to the San Diego Arena Sept 23 at 8PM. Box Office: 236-6510.

GINGER BAKER VS. BUDDY MILES: Playing at the San Diego Sports Arena on Sept. 30 at 8PM. Box Office: 236-6510.

SPORTS

DEL MAR THOROUGHBRED RACING SEASON: Once again it's time for 43 days of Thoroughbred racing (every day but Sunday). Del Mar is mecca for countless celebrities and site of one of the world's largest and richest two-year old races, the Del Mar Futurity. Season goes on to Sept. 13.

DINING OUT

KELLY'S PRIME STEAK HOUSE: You'll find no sirloin that isn't tasty, no salad that isn't perfectly chilled. Cart service for those thick, juicy steaks. Daily, 11 A.M. 'til 2 A.M.; Sat. and Sun. 4:00 P.M.-2:00 A.M. 248 Hotel Circle, North Mission Valley. 296-2131.

BRATSKELLAR: This richly romantic recreation of a European Castle has a breathtaking view of the Ocean and La Jolla's famous cove from a glassed-in terrace. Subterranean outdoor beer garden. The menu features beef, fish, fowl, and unique sandwich specialties from \$1.35-\$3.50. Open daily for lunch and dinner. 1250 Prospect Street, McKellar Plaza, La Jolla. 454-4244.

TOM HAM'S LIGHTHOUSE: Continental Spanish dishes, Mexican favorites and hearty New England fare. Mirroring the mood of early hide-trading days of 1840, this fabulous showplace (two-thirds of which juts over the Bay) is a virtual museum of sea-faring curios from all over the world. Harbor Island, 291-9110.

NATI'S MEXICAN RESTAURANT & TIENDA: Authentic Mexican Food prepared on premises. Colorful, air-conditioned dining rooms or beautiful patio. Nati's Tienda, specializing in Mexican artifacts. Free parking — 11:00 A.M.-8:00 P.M. weekdays, Fri. & Sat. 9:00 P.M. (Sunday, 12-9.) Closed Mon. 1852 Bacon St. (at Niagara) Ocean Beach — 224-3369.

ISLANDIA RESTAURANT: This distinctive restaurant is 15 feet above the waters of Mission Bay on 70 piers. The hexagonal-shaped restaurant provides a main dining room, cocktail lounge, private and banquet facilities. 1441 Quivira Road, San Diego. 224-0195.

EARL'S SEAFOOD GROTTO: San Diego's newest gourmet seafood specialty restaurant. Tri-level seating gives a picturesque 180° view of the harbor and waterfront. Authentic New Orleans Oyster Bar. Dancing nightly. Champagne Brunch Sundays 9-3. Lunch Mon.-Fri. 11:30 A.M.-2:30 P.M. Dinner Mon.-Sat. 5-11 P.M. Sun. 3-10 P.M. Harbor Drive & Ash, Royal Inn At the Wharf. 235-6276 or 232-3861. Resv. accepted.

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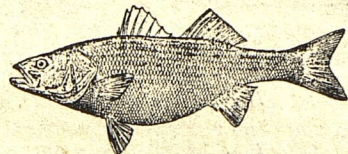
SEVEN SEAS HYATT LODGE: Located in Mission Valley on Hotel Circle, this 310-room hotel offers excellent service and accommodations, children free. Just moments from Sea World and the San Diego Zoo, 15 minutes from San Diego Airport. Dine in the fabulous Mediterranean Room, Cocktail Lounge with Piano Bar, Heated Outdoor Pool, Jacuzzi Mineral Pool. 411 Hotel Circle South (Interstate 8), San Diego. (714) 291-1300.

BALI HAI: Brings Polynesia to San Diego. This gargantuan island hut features exotic Cantonese cuisine, seafood, steaks. Panoramic view of the bay and skyline. Luau buffet luncheon. Unusual tropical drinks in the South Pacific Room, where Polynesian dancers perform nightly. Dancing. 2230 Shelter Island Drive. 222-1181.

STARLITE ROOF: Ride the Glass Elevator — 500 feet above San Diego, with a 360 degree view of bay, city and ocean. Complemented by the sumptuous food and immaculate service. Enjoy cocktails in the Sky Room. Handlery Hospitality at its finest. 7th and Ash Streets, El Cortez Hotel. 232-0161.

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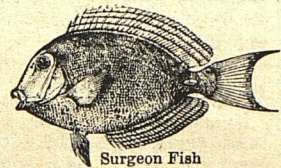
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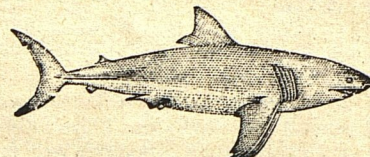
Striped Bass



Sucker



Surgeon Fish



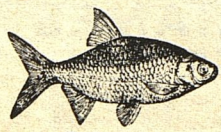
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Sharks



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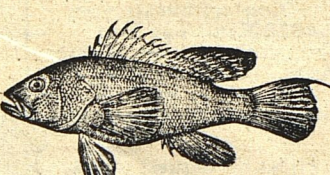
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LAS VEGAS EVENTS

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Bagdad Theatre: "Minsky's Burlesque" with Tommy "Moe" Raft; indefinite.
Sinbad Lounge: Turkish Harem Belly Dancers Revue; indefinite.

CAESARS PALACE: 734-7110
Circus Maximus:
Andy Williams: Sept. 7-Sept. 27
Osmond Brothers: Sept. 28-Oct. 11
Harry Belafonte: Oct. 12-Nov. 1.

CASTAWAYS: 735-5252
Kon Tiki Lounge: Rusty Isabell, Casey Cole; indefinite.

CIRCUS CIRCUS: 734-8181
Main Arena: "World's Greatest Circus Acts" indefinite
Hippodrome Theatre: "Best of Burlesque" with Joey Faye; indefinite

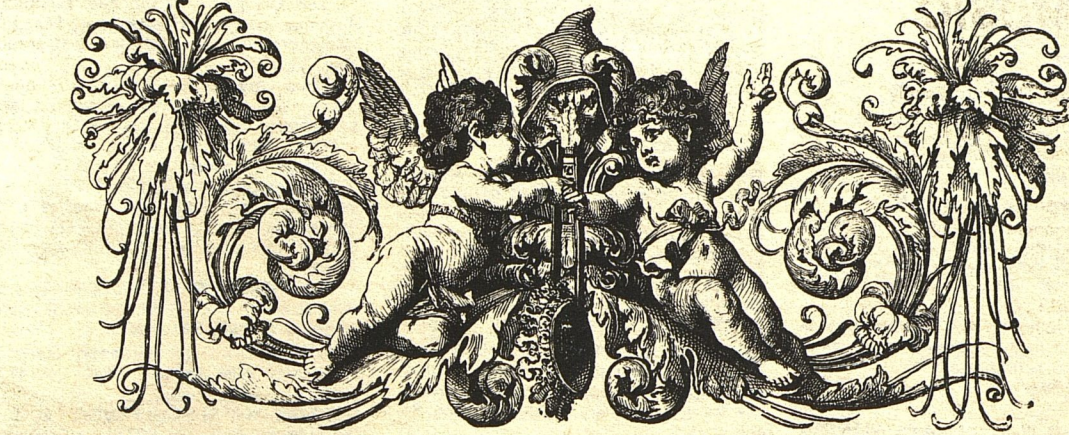
DESERT INN: 735-1122
Crystal Room:
Jimmy Durante, Aug. 29-Sept. 25
Bobby Gentry: Sept. 26-Oct. 23.
Juliet Prouse: Oct. 24-Nov. 20.
Debbie Reynolds: Nov. 21-Dec. 1.
Robert Goulet: Dec. 12-Dec. 23.
Skyroom: Dancing from 9:00 P.M.-3:00 A.M.; indefinite

DUNES: 734-4110
Casino de Paris: "Casino de Paris '72" with Fay McKay; indefinite
Top of the Strip: Russ Morgan Orchestra with Jack Morgan, thru Oct. 26

LAS VEGAS HILTON: 734-7777
Casino Theatre:
B.B. King, Teddy Randazzo, Aug. 23-Sept. 19
Louis Prima, Sept. 20-Oct. 27
Chuck Berry, Oct. 28-Nov. 14
Theatre Royale:
Rodgers & Hammerstein's "Pipe Dream" with George Chakiris

Las Vegas
CLASSIFIED OFFICE

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Las Vegas, Nevada, 89101



FLAMINGO: 735-8111
Flamingo Room:
Pat Cooper: Aug. 31-Sept. 27.
Sergio Franchi, Corbett Monica: Sept. 28-Oct. 25.
Don Ho Show: Oct. 26-Nov. 22.
Jack Jones, Myron Cohen: Nov. 23-Dec. 6 (Lounge)
Rusty Warren: Aug. 17-Sept. 13.
Tony Martin: Sept. 14-Oct. 11.
The Treniers: Sept. 14-Oct. 11.
Mills Bros., Judy Lynn: Oct. 12-Nov. 8
Fats Domino, The Platters, Kim Bros: Nov. 9-Dec. 6.
Casino Theatre:
Rusty Warren, The Raiders, Aug. 17-Sept. 13
Tony Martin, the Treniers, Sept. 14-Oct. 11
Oct. 12-Nov. 8, Mills Brothers

FREMONT: 384-3851
Fiesta Room: "Hocus Pocus" Revue with Marquis Chimps, Blackstone Junior; thru Sept. 14.
Theresa Brewer, Jack E Leonard: Aug. 24-Sept. 20.
Robert Goulet: Sept. Oct. 11.
Bob Newhart, Jerry Vate: Oct. 12-Nov. 8.
Wayne Newton: Nov. 9-Dec. 6.
Robert Goulet The Establishment: Dec. 7-20.
Jimmy Durante, Frank Sinatra, Jr.: Dec. 21-17.

FRONTIER: 734-0110
Music Hall:
Teresa Brewer, Aug. 24-Sept. 20
Robert Goulet, Sept. 21-Oct. 11
Bob Newhart, Jerry Vale, Oct. 12-Nov. 18
Wayne Newton, Nov. 19-Dec. 6
Robert Goulet, Dec. 7-Dec. 20



STARDUST: 732-6327
Cafe Continental: "Lido de Paris" indefinite
THUNDERBIRD: 735-4111
Continental Theatre: "Latin Fire '73" indefinite
Bob Fletcher/Vicki Lano, indefinite

TROPICANA: 736-4949
Theatre Restaurant: 1972 'Never Before' Folies Bergere, indefinite
The Blue Room: Continuous entertainment nightly, indefinite

UNION PLAZA: 386-2444
Plaza Showroom: Barry Ashton's "Verve: It Started With Eve" indefinite
Omaha Lounge: Continuous Entertainment

HACIENDA: 736-2933
Jewel Box Lounge: "Topless Models" with Korean Kittens, indefinite.

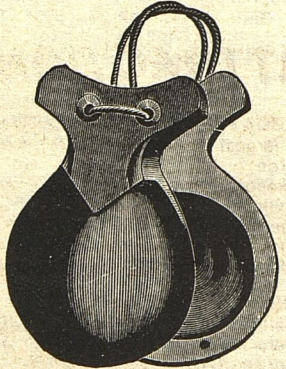
LANDMARK: 734-9110
Landmark Theatre:
Frankie Laine, Guy Lawrence: Aug. 30-Sept. 26.
Jimmy Dean, The Imperials: Sept. 27-Oct. 24.
Barbara Edin, Pat Cooper: Oct. 25-Nov. 21.
Marty Robbins, Jerry Collins: Nov. 22-Dec. 5.

RIVIERA: 735-8533
Versailles Room:
5th Dimension, Aug. 30-Sept. 19
The Carpenters, Sept. 20-Oct. 3
Nancy Sinatra: Oct. 4-Oct. 17.
Liza Minelli: Oct. 18-Nov. 7.

SAHARA: 735-4242
Congo Room:
Frank Gorshin, Sept. 2-Sept. 18
Sonny & Cher: Sept. 19-Oct. 2
Johnny Mathis: Oct. 3-Oct. 16.
Casbar Theatre: Steve Rossi, Bernie Allen, thru Sept. 4

SANDS: 735-3464
Copa Room:
Don Adams, Sept. 6-Oct. 3
Phil Harris, Frank Sinatra, Jr., Oct. 4-Oct. 31
Robert Goulet: Nov. 1-Nov. 28

SILVER SLIPPER (Hughes Hotels and Casinos in Las Vegas): 734-1212
Gaiety Theatre: Wonderful World of Burlesque '72, Indefinite
Red Garter Lounge: Continuous entertainment nightly, indefinite



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- 9/18 Southern vs Texas Southern
- 9/25 Tennessee State vs Alcorn
- 10/2 Kentucky State vs Jackson State
- 10/9 Jackson State vs Bishop
- 10/16 Floriday A&M vs Morris Brown
- 10/23 Grambling vs Jackson State
- 10/30 N.C.A&T vs Morgan State

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Monday thru Friday
8:30 - 10:30 AM

GROOVE WITH THE SOUL SOUND
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Observations

with JULIAN BOND
Monday thru Friday
10:40 AM

Olympic Coverage

with JESSE OWENS
August 26 - Sept. 4
7:20 AM 3:20 PM

MUSIC

GOLDEN BEAR: Ed Cassidy and Randy California (formerly with "Spirit"), and "Honk": Sept. 8, 9, 10. 306 Ocean Ave., Huntington Beach. (714) 536-9600.

ICE HOUSE: "Hello People" music and comedy done in traditional pantomime — white-face. And, Maggie, country singing and guitar picking: Sept. 5-10. Tim Morgan: Sept. 19-24. 24 N. Mentor Ave., Pasadena. MU 1-9942.

McCABES: Hip country music! Reopening Sept. 8 and 9 with "Grass Junction" (ragtime) and Elson, Landers and Cloud (bluegrass). Show times at 8 and 10 p.m. 3101 Pico Blvd., Santa Monica. \$2.50 828-4497.

THE PALOMINO: Linda Ronstadt: Sept. 15-16. Doug Kershaw: Sept. 22. 6907 Lankershim Blvd., North Hollywood.

WHISKY A GO-GO: Freddie King, "Silverhead": Sept. 6-10. "Bulldog," Jerry Williams: Sept. 13-14. 8901 Sunset Blvd., L.A. 652-4202.

TROUBADOUR: David Clayton Thomas, Syreeta Sept. 5-10. Jackson Browne, Bonnie Raitt: Sept. 12-17. 9081 Santa Monica Blvd. 276-6168.

PIANO & PODIUM: Mozart: "Overture, The Marriage of Figaro", Mozart "Piano Concerto in B flat, K.595," Mahler "Symphony No. 1." James Levine, conductor and piano. Hollywood Bowl. Sept. 12 at 8:30 p.m. \$7.50-1. 87-MUSIC.

THE BEST OF BERLIOZ: Berlioz "Romeo & Juliet" (complete). Cast includes Claudine Carlson, John Macurdy, Paul Sperry and the L.A. Master Chorale, Roger Wagner, Director. James Levine, conductor. Hollywood Bowl, Sept. 14 at 8:30 p.m. \$7.50-1. 87-MUSIC.

THE INCREDIBLE POPS FINALE! Popular favorites including Gershwin's "Cuban Overture," Dvorak's "Two Slavonic Dances," Rachmaninoff's "Paganini Rhapsody," Liszt's "Hungarian Fantasy," Vaughan Williams "Green-sleeves," and Handel's "Royal Fireworks Music" with a spectacular fireworks display. James Levine, conductor, Earl Wild, piano. Hollywood Bowl. Sept. 16 at 8:30 p.m. \$7.50-1. 87-MUSIC.

PINK FLOYD: at the Hollywood Bowl. Sept. 22 at 8 p.m. \$6.50-4.50. 87-MUSIC.

JOHN DENVER, DICK GREGORY: at the Greek Theatre. Sept. 21-24. 666-6000.

LOU RAWLS, DON RICKLES: at the Valley Music Theatre, 20600 Ventura Blvd., Woodland Hills. Sept. 21-24. 883-9900.

ALL STAR RIGOLETTO: (Concert performance) Sherrill Milnes in the title role, Carol Neblett as Gilda, Jose Carreras as the Duke, plus the Roger Wagner Chorale. James Levine, conductor. Hollywood Bowl. Sept. 9 at 8:30 P.M. \$7.50-\$1. 87-MUSIC.

CAT STEVENS: At the Shrine Auditorium. Sept. 29, 30 at 8:30 P.M. 627-1248.

HENRY MANCINI, SERGIO MENDES AND BRAZIL '77: At the Greek Theatre. Sept. 4-10. Call 666-6000 for tickets.

ENGLEBERT HUMPERDINCK, MORTY GUNTY: At the Greek Theatre. Sept. 11-17. 666-6000.

GRATEFUL DEAD DANCE: In concert at the Hollywood Palladium. Sept. 9, 10, at 8PM. \$5.50, advance. Mutual, Liberty or Box Office.

THE OSMONDS: In concert. Anaheim Stadium. Sept. 8 at 8:30PM. \$6, 5, 4. Liberty, Mutual or box office.

FRANK ZAPPA, THE MOTHERS, HOT RATS: Rock-on-out at the Hollywood Bowl. Sept. 10 at 7:30PM. \$6.50-\$3.50, all seats reserved. 87-MUSIC.

BLACK SABBATH: Introducing "Gentle Giant." Hollywood Bowl. Sept. 15 at 7:30 P.M. All seats reserved: \$7.50 to 4.50. Dial 87-MUSIC.

THE CENTER: Live music in a coffee house atmosphere. 6170 Santa Monica Blvd. (between Gower and Vine). Saturdays: 9:30 P.M. to 2 A.M.; Sundays: 3 P.M. to 7 P.M. FREE.

FILMS

ULYSSES: from the great James Joyce novel. At the Village Theatre, Westwood. 478-0576.

ANTONIONI: "Red Desert" and "Blow Up" at the New Vagabond. 387-2171. Sept. 6-19.

FRENCH CONNECTION: and "Vanishing Point" at the Gallery Theatre in Santa Monica. 656-9105.

FILMS OF JAPAN, PART TWO: Sept. 6-9: "Zatoichi meets Youimbo" and "Samurai Assassin" both by Okamoto. Sept. 10-12: "The Shark" by Tasaka and "The Burglar Story" by Yamamoto. Sept. 13-16: "With Beauty and Sorrow" by Shinoda and "The House of the Sleeping Virgins" by Yashimura. If you want to see some of the best films ever made, go see these. Nu Art, in Santa Monica 477-8483.

GRETA GARBO: Sept. 6-9. "Anna Karenina" (1935) "Camille" (1937). Sept. 10-12 "The Painted Veil" (1934) and "Two Faced Woman" (1941). Sept. 13-16: "As You Desire Me" (1932) and "Queen Christina" (1933). Mayfair in Santa Monica. 451-4625.

SILENT MOVIE: Giant Laff Show. Classic hit comedies of Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy, Charlie Chaplin, Ben Turpin, Fatty Arbuckle, Mabel Normand, and Mack Sennett. 611 North Fairfax, L.A. 653-2389. Only \$1 — kids free!

OLD MOVIE THEATRE: Little Rascals Film Festival: Sept. 6-12. "Abbott and Costello Meet Frankenstein" (1948) and "It's a Gift" (1934) with W.C. Fields. 1650 S. Harbour Blvd., Anaheim. 956-4070.

JANUS FILM FESTIVAL: "Citizen Kane" and "The Magnificent Ambersons": Sept. 6-9. Kurosawa's "Rashomon" and Mizoguchi's "Ugetsu": Sept. 10, 11, 12. "Room Service" starring the Marx Brothers and Lucille Ball, and a collection of brilliant short films: Sept. 13-16. Los Feliz Theatre, 1822 N. Vermont Ave., L.A. NO-42169.

BIJOU: "The Love Parade" (1929) Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald in a film with a feminist slant, and "Blue Skies" (1946) with Fred Astaire, Bing Crosby, Joan Caulfield, over 22 Irving Berlin songs: Sept. 6-12. "Night After Night" (1932) Mae West (she wrote her own script) and "Trouble in Paradise" (1932) a classic, hilarious comedy about a couple of jewel thieves: Sept. 13-19. 7059 Hollywood Blvd. 467-9777. \$2.

UNICORN CINEMA: The Best of the First Annual New York Erotic Film Festival: Sept. 7-13. "Borsalino" (1970) France, a tribute to American gangster films. And, "The Projectionist" (1970) about a man whose whole life is the movies. 7456 La Jolla Blvd., La Jolla. 459-4341.

THE ORGANIZER: directed by Mario Monicelli, starring Marcello Mastroianni. Film depicts the labor struggle of textile workers in Turin, Italy in 1880. The Long March, 715 S. Parkview St. (3 blks. west of Alvarado, near 7th) L.A. Sept. 8, 9 at 8:30 p.m.

FACES: directed by John Cassavetes. A very realistic film, the people don't seem as if they are acting at all. Plaza Theatre, Westwood. Sept. 15, 16 at midnight. \$1.50 933-0596.

EVERYTHING YOU ALWAYS WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT SEX: Another Woody Allen comedy. National in Westwood Village. 479-2866.

OH! CALCUTTA! Nude bodies. Egyptian in Hollywood: 467-6167. Cinema Center, Westwood: 474-4165.

FRENZY: Alfred Hitchcock thriller. Fine Arts, Beverly Hills: 652-1330.

THE HERO: Love story, with Richard Harris, Romy Schneider. Vogue in Hollywood: 462-6621. Village in Westwood: 478-0576.

MELINDA: Engrossing thriller. State Theatre downtown: 624-6271.

RIVALS: A very intense story about a young boy's jealousy of his step-father. Beverly Hills: 271-1121.

SCARECROW IN A GARDEN OF CUCUMBERS: A musical comedy spoof starring Holly Woodlawn, Warhol's transvestite star. Doheny Plaza Theatre: 273-8300.

A THOUSAND CLOWNS: Sensitive comedy about a man who actually manages to beat the system. Plaza Theatre, 1067 Glendon Ave., Westwood. Sept. 8, 9 at midnight. \$1.50. 477-0097.

BUSTER KEATON FILM FESTIVAL: One feature, two shorts. Different program each day. Sept. 6-26. Monica II in Santa Monica. 451-8686.

MARX BROS: "A Night in Casablanca," plus Groucho Marx, Carmen Miranda in "Copacabana." The Music Hall, 9036 Wilshire Blvd., Beverly Hills. 274-6869.

THE GARDEN OF THE FINZI-CONTINIS: About a wealthy Jewish family in Italy during the Nazi invasion. Lido Theatre, L.A. 652-8087. And the Royal Theatre, Santa Monica: 477-5581 (starts Aug. 30).

THE GODFATHER: Marlon Brando getting it on... The World Theatre, Hollywood. 469-5866.

BLUEBEARD: Murder mystery starring Richard Burton. Pantages (Hollywood Blvd. at Vine) 469-7161. Picwood (Pico at Westwood Blvd.) 272-8239.

THE GENESIS CHILDREN: science-fiction. Encore Theatre, Melrose at Van Ness, HO 9-3545.

WHERE DOES IT HURT: Peter Sellers spoof on doctors. Chinese Theatre, 6925 Hollywood Blvd., 464-8111.

THE CANDIDATE: With Robert Redford. Bruin in Westwood. 477-0988.

GROUNDSTAR CONSPIRACY: very good espionage adventure. Regent Theatre, 1045 Broxton, Westwood. 477-0059.

CABARET: Berlin in the 1930's with Liza Minnelli as a sleazy music hall "femme fatale." City Theatre, in Century City. 533-4291.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN: "The Great Dictator," one of Chaplin's greatest films. The Music Hall, 9306 Wilshire Blvd, Beverly Hills. 274-6889.

THE NEW CENTURIONS: With George C. Scott, he plays a cop. Hollywood Cinema, 463-3263. The U.A. Cinema Center, in Westwood. 474-4165.

THE MAN: from Irving Wallace's best seller about the first black president of the U.S. stars James Earl Jones. Cinema III on Wilshire Blvd. 475-0711.

CLOCKWORK ORANGE: Stanley Kubrick's latest. Beethoven and rape! Pacific Theatre, Hollywood near Cahuenga. 466-5211.

MARJOE: Documentary of a child evangelist and his return to the pulpit. At the Crest Theatre, Westwood. 272-5876.

THE PLAYHOUSE: The only all Chinese movies in Los Angeles. 940 S. Figueroa, L.A. 627-5631.

BUTTERFLIES ARE FREE: With Goldie Hawn, Edward Albert. Cinema I on Wilshire Blvd. in Westwood. 475-0711.

ANOTHER FINE MESS: Nixon and Agnew as Laurel and Hardy, slapstick comedy. Egyptian III in Hollywood: 467-6167. Cinema Center in Westwood: 474-4154.

KANSAS CITY Bomber: Raquel Welch as a roller-skating derby queen. Plaza in Westwood; 477-0097. Vine in Hollywood: 463-6819.

THEATRE

SANTA MONICA PLAYHOUSE: James Lee's Broadway hit "Career", 1211 Fourth St. (near Wilshire). Thru Sept. 8:30 p.m. 394-9779.

ONION STEW: two one-act plays: Harold Pinter's "Tea Party" and Lanford Wilson's "This is the Rill Speaking." Sepulveda Unitarian Universalist Society, 9550 Haskell Ave., Sepulveda. 8:30 p.m. \$2 894-9251.

THE RAINMAKER: playing Thursday, Friday, Saturday. "Two Sisters" or "Why Hanna's Skirt Won't Stay Down" and "Who Killed My Bald Sister Sophie" Tom Ewen's provocative one-acts. Mermaid Theatre, 800 N. El Centro, Hollywood. Call 466-3732.

SYNERGY TRUST: Now starting its fifth season, this excellent improvisational theatre company is still creating excitingly different shows every Saturday at 9:30 p.m. Sal Ponti Theatre, 1835 Hyperion, Silver Lake. \$2. 396-9202.

KENTUCKY FRIED THEATRE: improvisational video-tape review. Previews Sept. 15-Oct. 6 for \$1. Opens Oct. 7, \$2.50-3. 10303 W. Pico Blvd., 277-3990.

HAIR: the American Tribal-Love Rock Musical. At the Aquarius Theatre, 6230 Sunset Blvd., L.A. Tues. - Fri. at 8 p.m. Sat at 6 and 10 p.m.; Sun. at 3 and 8 p.m. 461-3241. Sept. 19 thru Oct. 1.

ICE FOLLIES: at the Forum in Inglewood. Sept. 15-Oct. 1. (213) OR 3-1300.

THE THREE PENNEY OPERA: whores, hoodlums, beggars and bad people in a rather unconventional musical by Bertold Brecht and Kurt Weill. Huntington Hartford Theatre. 462-6666. Thru Sept. 3.

AN EVENING WITH GROUCHO: At the Chandler Pavilion, Music Center. Sept. 24 at 8:30 P.M. All seats reserved: 626-5781.

COPPELIA PUPPETS: "Phelicia and Rummyduk" imaginative children's program at the Company Theatre, 1024 S. Robertson Blvd., L.A. Every Sunday at noon. \$1. 652-3499.

LENNY: based on the life of the controversial satirist Lenny Bruce. Aquarius Theatre. Aug. 15 thru Sept. 15. 461-3241.

FOLLIES: show biz spectacular. Shubert Theatre, Century City. 553-9000.

THE THREEPENNY OPERA: By Bertolt Brecht, music by Kurt Weill. Merle Oberon Playhouse, 817 N. Hilldale, West Hollywood. Mon. thru Sat. at 8:30 P.M. Aug. 28-Sept. 9.

MOTHER OF PEARL: A musical-tragedy about motherhood and middle-class America: Sept. 6-10; 21-24; 28-30 and Oct. 1 at 8PM. "The Emergence": Sept. 14-17 at 8PM. The Company Theatre, 1024 S. Robertson Blvd., L.A. Reservations: 652-3499.

GLASS MENAGERIE: Sad, beautiful play by Tennessee Williams. Begins with half-price performances Sept. 1, 2, 7, 8. Opens Sept. 9 with a benefit performance for the Junior Blind. Runs Thurs-Sat. at 8:30 P.M.; Sun. at 7:30 P.M. Thru Oct. 22. \$4.50-1.50. 462-3996, or 462-1535.

NEAL RECK THEATRE CO: "Celebration" a play rich in visual and sensory experience, a rock musical extravaganza. 111 Pier Ave., Hermosa Beach. Friday, Saturday nights at 8:30 P.M. 376-8614. Opens Sept. 8.

NATIONAL DANCE COMPANY OF MEXICO: Magnificently costumed ballet of 50. Pilgrimage Theatre (across from the Hollywood Bowl). Aug. 31 thru Sept. 9 at 8 P.M. \$5.50-2.50. Children half price. Box Office: 626-5781.

ENTERTAINING MR. SLOANE: By Joe Orton. At the Middle Earth Workshop, 804 El Centro. Fri. thru Sun. at 8:30 P.M. Aug. 25-Sept. 24. Reservations: 870-7913.

THEATRE COMPANY OF PASADENA: "Fantasticks" by Tom Jones and Harvey L. Schmidt. Thurs., Sat. at 8:30 P.M. Aug. 24-Sept. 23. "Tobacco Road" from the Erskine Caldwell novel. Fri., Sun. at 8:30 P.M. Aug. 25-Sept. 24. 796-2266.

THE COMMITTEE: All new improvised satirical revue. Tiffany Theatre, Sunset W. of La Cienega. 652-3220.

FROM ISRAEL WITH LOVE: Music and dance entertainment. Santa Monica Civic Auditorium. Sept. 2-7. Call Box Office for show times: 393-9961.

ANTONIO GADES: Flamenco dancers, singers, guitarists — "The Nureyev of Flamenco" — magnificent! Ahmanson Theatre, Music Center. Evenings at 8:30 P.M.: Sept. 26, 27, 28, 29, 30. Matinees at 2:30 P.M.: Sept. 30, Oct. 1. Call 626-7211 for ticket information.

CAREER: The Broadway hit by James Lee. Santa Monica Playhouse, 1211 4th St. (near Wilshire). Opens Aug. 25, runs thru November. Reservations: 394-9779.

THE WORLD PREMIER: Of "Howie's" by Richard Steele, an original OADR play, and "Aretha in the Ice Palace" by Tom Ewen, to preview Friday and Saturday, September 8 and 9, 8:00 P.M. "Canvas" to continue Sunday nights. Scorpio Rising Theatre, 426 N. Hoover Street, Hollywood. Reservations: 660-9491 and 660-9981. \$2.50, students \$2.

NO NO NANETTE: The new 1925 musical. At the Ahmanson Theatre, Music Center. 626-7211.

THE SOUND OF MUSIC: Rodgers and Hammerstein. At the Music Center, Chandler Pavilion. Opening Aug. 22. 626-7211.

DON JUAN IN HELL: by George Bernard Shaw. At the Ahmanson Theatre, Music Center. Opens Sept. 5, for three weeks. 626-7211.

THE PLEASURE OF HIS COMPANY: with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. at the Huntington Hartford Theatre. 462-6666.

ART SHOWS

RUTH MUNSON: Sculpture in bronze, jewelry in gold. At Jacqueline Anhalt Gallery, 750 N. La Cienega Blvd. Thru Sept.

TECHNICAL ILLUSTRATIONS: everything from 747's to electric shavers. Top commercial artists in industry present their best graphics. Museum of Science and Industry, Exposition Park. Thru Oct. 8.

BATIK AND TIE-DYING EXHIBIT: at Barnsdall Park, 4800 Hollywood Blvd. In the Arts and Crafts Center. 9 a.m. to 5:30 p.m., Mon-Fri.; 8:30 a.m. to 5 p.m., Sat; evenings 6:30 to 10 p.m., Mon-Fri. Sept. 11-Oct. 5.

GEOMETRY OF MOVEMENT: "Ethnic Dance" series of paintings by artist William Arms. Century City Mall. Indefinite.

LORSER FEITELSON: A retrospective exhibition. Municipal Art Gallery, Barnsdall Park, 4804 Hollywood Blvd., L.A. Aug. 16-Sept. 17. 12 to 5PM Tues. thru Sun., closed Mon.

L.A. COUNTY MUSEUM OF ART: "Selections From the Norton Simon Foundation": works of art from the 15th to the 20th centuries (indefinite) FREE.

"Indians Paints" Indian and Islamic Art from the Mughal, Rajasthani, and Pahari schools (indefinite). FREE.

"Mark Tobey Prints" about 60 prints and agatints (thru August 27). FREE.

"Ten Designers of the 20th Century." Twenty-six creations by fashion designers who have influenced this century (thru Oct. 15). FREE.

"Marc Chagall: Early Graphic Works": about 125 early prints, woodcuts and lithographs (thru Jan. 14). FREE.

"New Artists New Work" in the Art-ental gallery (thru Oct. 7). FREE.

"Contemporary Japanese Prints" more than 50 works show the creative print movement from the early pioneers to the young innovators of today (thru Oct. 22). FREE.

5905 Wilshire Blvd., L.A. Tues-Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M. Sat. 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., noon to 6 P.M.: 937-2590.

HYLAND: Printings. Greeson Gallery, Workshop, 2024 Sawtelle Blvd., L.A. 477-9910.

GABRIEL KOHN-SCULPTURE: at the David Stuart Galleries, 807 N. La Cienega, L.A. OL 2-7422. Sept. 5-29.

NEWPORT HARBOR ART MUSEUM: "California 1910": artists working in the first two decades of this century (Sept. 20-Oct. 15).

"The Earth Fgm the Sky" 12 large-scale color photographs of parts of the city and country viewed from 5,000 feet in the air. (Sept. 20-Oct. 15).

"Reginald Marsh: A Retrospective Survey" the turbulent, vulgar drawings in the legacy of the old Dutch and German Masters (Oct. 1-Dec. 10).

2211 West Balboa Blvd., Newport Beach., Tues-Sun. from 12 to 4 p.m.; Fri. nights 6 to 9 p.m. 675-3866.

OTIS ART INSTITUTE FACULTY SHOW: All-media. Otis Gallery, 2401 Wilshire Blvd., L.A. Mon.-Thurs., Sat. from 10AM to 5PM; Sun. from 1 to 5PM. FREE. Thru Sept. 24.

GALLERY 707: Women artists: Sherry Brody, drawing; Barbara Forthal, painting; Lili Lachic, neon sculpture; Fran Raboff, plastic sculpture. 707 N. La Cienega Blvd., L.A. 652-4095.

SALT OF THE EARTH: A showing of photographs by Jimmy Townes. Infinity Restaurant, 743 S. Alvarado (in the arcade). Aug. 26-Sept. 26.

BRAND LIBRARY ART CENTER: Recent works of Don Kawelis, Gary Lloyd, Jay S. Willis. Mountain at Grandview, Glendale. Call 247-8440.

JACK SCHAMIKLES — Cyanotype Photography: Blue print photography and a blended media presentation slide-show, poetry, music, sound collage. Beyond Baroque Gallery, 1639 W. Washington Blvd., Venice. July 29-Sept. 15. 396-6551.

PASADENA ART MUSEUM: "Modern Sculpture" from the Norton Simon Collection, includes works by Arp, Matisse, Rodin, Lipchitz, Moore, etc. On loan for one year. Additional exhibition of 23 pieces from the collection on view from Aug. 1 to October 15 — to include Maillol, Marini, Degas, Brancusi, Picasso, Matisse. "Post 1950 Paintings" exhibit includes de Kooning, Frank Stella, Kenneth Noland, Robert Motherwell, etc. (July 25-Sept. 10). "Ralph Gibson — Deja Vu," photographs. (Aug. 8-Sept. 10).

411 W. Colorado Blvd. (at Orange Grove Ave.) Tues.-Sat., 10AM to 5PM; Sundays noon to 5PM. \$1, students 50 cents; members and children under 12 free.

SENTIMENTAL PAINTINGS FROM OREGON: oils by nationally-known graphic designer Bruce Butte, Sr. Turtle Bay Trading Co., 466 N. Robertson Blvd., L.A. Aug. 17 thru Oct. 659-4561.

SUMMER '72: Group Show: Paintings and drawings by gallery artists including: Norman Morris, Dennis Enright, Truda Chandlee, Irma Attridge and others. Aug. 4 to Sept. 14. Los Angeles Art Assoc. Galleries, 825 N. La Cienega Blvd., 652-8272. 12-4, Tues.-Sat; 2-4 Sun; 8-10 Mon. eves.

LONG BEACH MUSEUM OF ART: "Hans Burkhardt Retrospective 1950-1972" approximately forty paintings from the artist's own collection. Also, "20th Century Prints and Drawings from the Hans Burkhardt Collection" includes Braque, Tamayo, Chagal, Picasso, De Kooning, etc. (July 16-Sept. 24). 2300 E. Ocean Blvd., Long Beach. GE 9-2119.

FREDRICK WRIGHT GALLERIES: "The Art of Wilhelm Lehmbruck" the German sculptor. UCLA. Hours: Tues.-Fri., 11AM-5PM; Sun, 1-5PM; closed Mon. and Sat. Sept. 19 thru Oct. 29.

CANYON GALLERY TWO: "Dolls, Weavings, Pillows, Bread sculpture" by Virginia Black. "Hand Wrought Leather Furniture" by Dan Wenger. 8155 Melrose Ave., L.A. 653-5090. Aug. 6-Sept. 6.

NORMAN MORRIS: One-man show, paintings, drawings. Woodstock Gallery, 1515 Sunset Blvd., L.A. Sept. 1-9. 628-1481.

TRIPS

THIRD ANNUAL "INTERNATIONAL JUBILEE": will feature continuous entertainment, soccer, food booths. Over 20 nationalities and ethnic groups will display their social and cultural heritages. Peck Park Community Center, 560 N. Western Ave. Sept. 15 (6 p.m. - 9:45 p.m.), 16 (2:30 p.m. - 9:45 p.m.), 17 (1:30 - 10 p.m.). Information: 547-0897.

WEEKEND MARATHON AT BIG BEAR! Experience the ecstasy in being reborn through intensive feeling encounter. Learn how to establish and maintain intimate relationships. Led by Mike Walley, an instructor in Sociology at Cal State. September 15-17. \$20 for weekend. For information call 396-3332 in the evenings.

ORIGINAL COLLAGES BY PATRICIA



FRIDAY
SEPTEMBER 8

BEETHOVEN FESTIVAL: In Duchov and Oske Monastery, near Karlovy Vary, Czechoslovakia. Until Oct. 30.

ENRICH YOUR LIFE BY UNDERSTANDING Your Dreams: Lecture-discussion at the Southwest Counseling Service, 7323 S. Crenshaw Blvd., L.A. 10AM. \$2.50 752-7240.

GAY YOUTH: To discuss the needs and alternatives of gay men and women under 21. Fridays at 7:30 PM. 1614 Wilshire Blvd. 482-3062.

FRIDAY EVENING FOR SINGLES: Gestalt Evening for Singles, with Dr. Jan Rainwater. Discover what you are looking for. \$4, \$3 students. 8 P.M. Immaculate Heart College, student union. Call Kairos-L.A. for information: 931-1895. No reservations needed.

DROP-IN ENCOUNTER: meeting every Friday night for growth, better communication, learning to take a risk, making contact and spending a warm, experiential evening. 8 P.M., Topanga Center, 2247 N. Topanga Cyn. Blvd., Topanga, \$4 gen. adm. More info: 455-1342.

FRIDAY EVENING FOR SINGLES: Exploring Interpersonal attraction with Bryant Crouse. Explore the facts and fictions of interpersonal attraction. \$4, \$3 stu. 8 P.M. Immaculate Heart College. Call Kairos-L.A. for information. Student union. No reservations needed.

THEATERLOVERS, UNLTD: Lots of plans in the autumn air for a new season of theater. Add your suggestions and comments. Bring your personal calendar and money to reserve in advance. For further information and tonight's meeting place phone 661-4188 or 986-0391.

THE TRANSFORMING POWER OF MEDITATION and Its Effect On the World: By Stephen Hoeller. Southwest Counseling, 7323 S. Crenshaw Blvd., L.A. 8PM. \$3, students \$1.50. 752-7240.

SINGLETARIANS: The inner relationship between anger, hostility and fear. Refreshments. First Unitarian Church, 2936 W. 8th St., L.A. 8PM. \$1.

HOW TO RECOGNIZE THE RIGHT ONE — AND IMPROVE YOUR ODDS: By Dr. Jack Dresser, psychotherapist. Sponsored by the Round Table. Call 681-8898 for more information.

THE PENTAGON PAPERS: Film and speakers. People's Center, 1810 E. Anaheim, Long Beach. 8:30 P.M. 591-9922.

FREE GARY LAWTON: And all political prisoners! Chukia Lawton will speak. Militant Labor Forum, 1107 1/2 N. Western Ave., L.A. 8:30 P.M. Donation \$1, post-forum party and dinner \$2. 463-1966.

GAY FUNKY DANCE: An open gay dance every Friday evening. Girls with girls; boys with boys. Hot stuff! Troupers Hall, 1625 N. LaBrea (between Sunset and Hollywood), 8:30 PM. Under 21 O.K. Benefit for the Gay Community Services Center. 482-3062.

SATURDAY
SEPTEMBER 9

PSYCHOMAT: At Topanga Center. An afternoon of encounter groups featuring sensory awareness, mind-touching, dance movement, Gestalt games, psychodrama. 1-5 P.M. 2247 N. Topanga Cyn. Blvd., Topanga, \$5. Call: 455-1342.

PEACE & FREEDOM PARTY: Celebration, bands, food, fun, horseback riding. Crestwood Stables, 1016 Hanley in Brentwood. 4 to 10PM. Donation. Information: 826-2296.

THE AMAZING ATORIS: Researcher in E.S.P. Discussion, music and dancing to follow talk. Sponsored by The Round Table. Call 681-8898.

INTRODUCTION TO T'AI CHI MASSAGE: With Judy Unell. Demonstrations and workshops. Call Kairos-L.A. for reservations: 931-1895.

DR JACOB BRONOWSKI: Noted mathematician, physicist, philosopher and poet will talk about his life. Program in four parts: "A Personal History," Sept. 9, "Revolutions in Science," Sept. 16, "A View of the Arts," Sept. 23, "Ethics for a New Age" Sept. 30. All at 6 P.M. on KCET Channel 28.

THE NATURE OF JEALOUSY: By Frances Fields. Compassionate Viewpoint, 1515 Griffith Park Blvd., L.A. (near 3607 W. Sunset), 8 P.M. \$2. 662-3564. Party afterwards.

UNDERGROUND FILMS: A bizarre collection of films, guaranteed to freak you out. Baxter Hall (N.E. corner of Michigan Ave and San Pasqual) Caltech, Pasadena. 7:30 P.M. \$1, free refreshments.

SENSORY AWAKENING: By Dr. U.J. Fields. Like a flower we can unfold to receive the dew, the sun and the stars. Compassionate Viewpoint, 1515 Griffith Park Blvd. (same as 3609 W. Sunset Blvd.), L.A. 8:00 P.M. Donation \$2. 662-3564. Drop-in.

GAY SOCIAL ALTERNATIVE: An informal evening of raps, films, and socializing occurs at the Gay Community Services Center. A great place to relax. Drop in anytime; film begins at 8:00 P.M. 1614 Wilshire Blvd., L.A. 482-3062.

FISCHER-SPASSKY: Chess game analysis. By Peter Rhee, National Rated Expert. Synesis Coffeehouse, 7801 Melrose Ave., (upstairs) 10:30 P.M.

A FREE GARY LAWTON Benefit Rally: Will be held this Saturday at 8:30 P.M. at the Watts Writers Workshop, 1690 E. 103rd St., L.A. Featured speakers will be: Bobbie Seale, Erika Huggins, Chukia Lawton, and Jeffrey Lakes, of the Cal State Long Beach Black Studies Center. Admission: \$2.00, students, \$1.00. All proceeds will go to benefit Gary Lawton whose trial in the shooting deaths of two Riverside police officers is scheduled to begin Sept. 11 in Indio.

SEND LISTINGS TO PATRICIA:
DEADLINE MONDAY

SUNDAY
SEPTEMBER 10

SELF CONFIDENCE: A workshop to help one experience serenity, and fulfillment and relate to others in a warm, positive manner. Broadbent Clinic, 3740 Long Beach Blvd., Long Beach. 10AM to 6PM. 426-0358.

TRUTH AND LOVE TODAY — Beyond Religion: An opportunity to experience spiritual enlightenment through meditation, discussion, and communion. Every Sunday at 10:30 A.M. Mutuality Center, 9112 So. Western Ave., L.A. FREE. 757-1808.

THE MIRROR GAME: With Henry Fields. What can you do about improving your effectiveness in attracting a man or a woman? Kairos-L.A. Noon to 6PM. Call 931-1895 for details.

THE GEORGE SHEARING QUINTET: Fall Jazz Festival program. Pilgrimage Theatre (across from the Hollywood Bowl), 2:30 P.M., come early for free parking. FREE.

GOLDSMITH STRING QUARTET: Play Mozart, Halsey Stevens, Miklos Rozsa. Barnsdall Park, 4800 Hollywood Blvd., L.A. 4:30 P.M. FREE.

THE NUDE PSYCHE IN AN OVERDRESSED WORLD: By Shirley Toorans, Human Relations Counselor. Sponsored by The Round Table, call 681-8898 for details.

BETTER LOVING: A workshop for singles and couples, with its focus on achieving greater intimacy and better communication. The Round Table, call 681-8898 for free brochure.

INTEGRAL YOGA FAMILY DAY: Every Sunday at 4:00 P.M. we have Kirtan (chanting & meditation); 5 P.M., Raja Yoga class; 6 P.M., vegetarian supper; 7:30, Sat-sang (open spiritual discussion). Conducted by disciples of Swami Satchidananda. Integral Yoga Institute, 6117 Warner Dr. 937-3121.

OPEN HOUSE: unstructured discussions about humans and their beliefs, images, and environment. Gestalt humanist approach. Dr. Leigh Lipton, leader. Meetings at 321 S. Beverly Dr. (Suite L) Beverly Hills. Refreshments. 4:30- 9 P.M. Donation: \$2 single, \$3 couple.

DROP-IN ENCOUNTER GROUPS: can help you to learn to listen more effectively, trust your feelings, communicate more honestly, find warmth in a supportive group setting. Every Sunday at 7:30 P.M. at The Topanga Center, 2247 N. Topanga Cyn. Blvd., Topanga. More info: 455-1342 \$4 gen. adm.

CALL KARMIC GAMES: Mind-heart expansion by Laser therapy, with Janice Aurah Kramer. Quick, clear, joyous. Participation and discussion. 7:30 P.M. Free-will donation. 660-0000, 851-3812.

PENTAGON PAPERS AND THE Daniel Ellsberg Case: Talk by Rev. Bob Kaufman. Emerson Unitarian Church, Arizona and 18th Street, Santa Monica. Dinner 7PM, program 8PM. \$2.50.

SUNDAY SOIREE: Gay poets, artists, musicians, etc. Gay Community Services Center, 1614 Wilshire Blvd., L.A. 8 P.M. 482-3062.

GROWING CLOSENESS GAMES: An astoundingly deep-reaching well-proved method of meeting people and really getting into them — communicating honestly and intimately. 3707 Cahuenga Blvd. (approximately 1 blk. South of Lankershim off-ramp of Hollywood Frwy.) 6:30 P.M. \$1. OL 5-1942 or HO 7-0612.

MONDAY
SEPTEMBER 11

GAY LAW STUDENTS: And an A.C.L.U. representative to help you with any legal problems. Gay Community Services Center, 6PM. 482-3062.

GAY AWARENESS RAP: An informal wide-ranging discussion on gay self-identity and the new gay consciousness. Oriented toward men. Facilitated by a different gay mystic or activist each week. Every Monday, 7:30 P.M. Gay Community Services Center, 1614 Wilshire Blvd., L.A. Info: 482-3062.

WANT TO BE CONSCIOUS? We deliver whether you want it or not. Based on the spiritual system of the controversial Avatar Al-Wahshi, who has always insisted on working with a pay-now-flylater basis. Monday evening, 7:30 p.m. 66636 Hollywood Blvd., Suite 204. 465-9098.

COMMENTARY ON A MYSTIC'S REPORT of the Angels and Their Work: By Willa Mae Yates. Southwest Counseling Service, 7323 S. Crenshaw Blvd., L.A. 8PM. \$2. 752-7240.

RINZAI ZEN PRACTICE: By Sandy Stewart. At Personal Creative Freedoms Foundation, 1700 Westwood Blvd., 8P.M. 474-4371.

CREATION OF SUPERMAN: A critique of the work by Dr. Raymond Bernard. Robert Kelder speaking at the Kushi House, 7357 Franklin Ave., Hollywood. 8PM. 876-9153. 50 cents.

KENT GLENN BIG BAND: Exciting 14-piece modern jazz orchestra, featuring many of the Southland's heaviest soloists. Tonight only, at 8:30 and 10:30 P.M. Ice House, 24 N. Mentor Ave., Pasadena. \$2. Call MU 1-9942.

EXISTENTIAL/GESTALT AWARENESS EXPERIENCE: An opportunity to fill the emptiness by being with people who want to "be." An expansion-adventure into the myriads of feeling life. Join us at the Center for Group Communication. 2452 1/2 Lincoln Blvd., Santa Monica. Mondays at 8:15 p.m. \$3.00.

ALTERNATIVE CHORUS AND SONGWRITERS SHOWCASE: With Len Chandler and John Braheny. Every Monday at Lincoln Center West. 5228 Fountain (2 blks. West of Normandie) L.A. 9 P.M. \$1.50. Information: Call John at 660-0000 or Len at 655-7778.

TOWARDS TOTAL TRANSFORMATION:

A talk by Vimala Thakar on the urgent need for inquiry into oneself. Bodhi Tree Bookstore, 5855 Melrose Ave., L.A. 8 P.M. FREE. 659-1733.

READINGS, RAPPING, AND Refreshments: Will be rampantly going on this evening at the L.A.-West Fiction Writers Ass'n. 8:20 P.M. Creative Writers and Friends warmly invited. Free. Call Barry D'Lott, 464-5161.

HOW TO CONQUER DOUBT: Yoga lecture, meditation, discussion. Theodora Duncan, Director Sri Chinmoy Centre, 1227 No. Crescent Heights Blvd., apt. 202. W. Hollywood. 7:45 P.M. 656-8786.

TUESDAY
SEPTEMBER 12

INTERNATIONAL TRADE FAIR: In Helsinki, Finland. Until Sept. 16.

ENCOUNTER EXPERIENCE: Especially suited for men and women who work at night and would like to meet new friends and relate better. Professionally facilitated. Every Tuesday, 10:00 A.M. to 12 noon. Mutuality Center, 9112 So. Western Ave., L.A. Donation \$2.00. 757-1801.

AN ALTERNATIVE TO THE MILD BUZZ Of Down Living: Gestalt encounter led by Mike Walley. Experience the ecstasy in being reborn through intensive feeling encounter. Tuesdays, 7-10PM at 2011 6th St., Santa Monica St., No. 2. Call 396-3332.

PSYCHODRAMA EXPERIENCE: As preparation for any life situation. Fridays, 9 to 11:30 P.M. Tuesdays, 7 to 9:30 P.M. (emphasis on family relations). Institute of Socioanalysis, 1290 East Ocean Blvd., Long Beach. \$3. 439-6644.

GESTALT CLINIC: with Henry Levy or Tony Mastor. Every Tuesday at 7:30 PM. An introduction to gestalt methods and opportunity for personal growth. 337 S. Beverly Dr., Suite 103. \$6 general, \$4 student. Sponsored by Topanga Center. 455-1342

LESBIAN FEMINISTS: Come and meet your sisters and find out what is happening in the movement. Meetings at Women's Liberation Center, 1027 S. Crenshaw Blvd., L.A. Every Tues. at 8PM. Come at 7:30 if you're new. 937-3964.

DROP-IN ENCOUNTER: Led by a professional. At the Los Feliz Jewish Community Center. 1110 Bates Ave. (at Sunset Blvd.) Every Tuesday at 8 PM. \$2.50 663-2255.

BASIC ENCOUNTER: Man and Woman. Facilitators Dr. U.J. Fields and Fran C. Fields. Compassionate Viewpoint. Meeting at 1515 Griffith Park Blvd., L.A. 90027 (near 3600 Sunset Blvd.) Tuesdays at 8PM. 662-3564. Donation \$2.

SENSITIVITY ENCOUNTER: With Henia Haida. Sponsored by Center for Human Discovery. 8:00 P.M. every Tuesday. \$3.00. Phone 784-1285 or 882-0748.

WEDNESDAY
SEPTEMBER 13

FREE DINNERS: and social hour, lots of fun. Gay Women's Service Center. 1542 Glendale Blvd. 386-9915.

COALITION FOR GAY ACTION: meeting to plan for the Oct. 7 massive Gay Demonstration. All gays urged to attend and participate. 745 S. Oxford, L.A. 7 PM.

CONTEMPORARY POETS: Workshop on Wednesday and Sunday, 7:30 P.M. Read your own poetry. Iced Tea and hot coffee and cookies served after readings. Dr. H. Picola poetry consultant, will advise, and suggest poetry markets. \$1. Reservations: HO 9-9934.

GAY AWARENESS RAP: An informal evening of dialogue and sharing of the gay experience between men and women. 7:30 P.M. Gay Community Services Center, 1614 Wilshire Blvd., L.A. 482-3062.

ENCOUNTER EXPERIENCE: For young adults married and single. Discover new ways of relating. Every Wednesday at 8PM, with Esther Lynn. Southwest Counseling Service, 7323 S. Crenshaw Blvd., L.A. \$3. 752-7240.

DROP-IN GROUP: "Alcoholic's Together," for gay men and women. Gay Community Services Center, 1614 Wilshire Blvd., L.A. 8PM. 482-3062.

VENICE POETRY WORKSHOP: Poets read and discuss their own work under directors Joseph Hansen and John Harris. Everyone welcome. Wednesdays. 8:30 P.M. Beyond Baroque Center, 1639 W. Washington Blvd., Venice. 396-6551.

EYES WITHOUT A FACE: Also known as "The Horror Chamber of Dr. Faustus" (1962) by French filmmaker Georges Franju. At The Egg and The Eye, 5814 Wilshire Blvd., L.A. At 3, 7, 9:30 P.M. \$2.50. 937-5544.

THURSDAY
SEPTEMBER 14

MUSIC OF THE MARIACHI: Sones, rancheras, corridos, polkas, etc. Schoenberg, Quad. UCLA. Noon. FREE.

ENCOUNTER FOR FUN AND PERSONAL GROWTH: Ongoing growth program to explore feelings, personal expression, and interpersonal communication. Body movement and non-verbal techniques will be used to enhance the usual methods of expression. Small groups. Thursdays, 7:30 to 10:00 P.M. Hawthorne. \$2.50. Call Harry at 676-2148.

COMMIT YOURSELF TO GROW: Our ongoing, personal growth group meets every Thursday in North Hollywood. Details call 761-6760.

GAY DRAFT AND MILITARY COUNSELING: At the Gay Community Services Center, 1617 Wilshire Blvd., L.A. 8PM. 482-3062.

GAY WOMEN'S RAP: A wide ranging discussion by gay women for gay women about the many social, living and services alternatives available in L.A. Gay Community Services Center, 1614 Wilshire Blvd., 7:30 PM. Info: 482-3062.

GAY LAW STUDENTS: Gay Law Students Association being formed for sisters and brothers at any L.A. area law school. Every Thursday evenings at 9:30 PM. Gay Community Services Center, 1614 Wilshire Blvd. Info: 482-3062.

OPEN MARRIAGE WORKSHOP: For singles and couples. Compassionate Viewpoint, 1515 Griffith Park Blvd., L.A. 8PM. \$2. 662-3564.

TRANS-SEXUAL COUNSELING: Peer group counseling aimed at providing information and referral services. Gay Community Services Center, 1814 Wilshire Blvd., L.A. 7:30 p.m. 482-3062.

VINCENT BUGLIOSI: Candidate for the office of district attorney. Immaculate Heart College (Student Lounge), Western and Franklin St., L.A. 7:45 P.M. Sponsored by the A.C.L.U.

GESTALT THERAPY, AWARENESS AND ZEN: Emphasis will be on personal experience, conducted by Dr. Edward Worts. Int'l Buddhist Meditation Center, 928 S. New Hampshire Ave., L.A. 8 P.M. \$1. (Second meeting in a series).

THE PICTURE: A one-act magical fantasy by Eugene Ionesco. On KCET Channel 28 at 9PM. Repeat on Sept. 16 at 9:30 P.M.

FRIDAY
SEPTEMBER 15

INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF LIGHT OPERA: In Waterford, Ireland. Until Oct. 2.

OPEN MARRIAGE: Family Synergy monthly meeting explores an "alternate life style" for marrieds and other committed persons. Minilab discussions with people living in open marriages. 8PM at 2256 Venice Blvd., L.A. \$1 door charge non-members. 324-3465.

INTRODUCTION TO THE Philosophy of the "I Ching" (Book of Changes): By Dr. Stephen Hoeller. Southwest Counseling, 7323 S. Crenshaw Blvd., L.A. 8PM. \$3, students I.D. \$1.50. 752-7240.

SINGLETARIANS: Self awareness through body dynamics. Moderator Betty Chattaway, who teaches sensitivity groups. Refreshments. First Unitarian Church, 2936 W. 8th St., L.A. 8PM. \$1.

THE GREAT BATTLE OF CHINA: An epic 2-hour documentary on the Chinese revolution. The People's Center, 1810 E. Anaheim, Long Beach. 8:30 P.M. 591-9922.

WOODEN SILVER: An evening of Renaissance and Baroque music. Lou nn Neill harp; Dana Chalberg, flute. Beyond Baroque Center, 1639 W. Washington Blvd., Venice. 8:30 396-6551. FREE.

SATURDAY
SEPTEMBER 16

PARIS — A Look At Dating and Mating: A frankly lighthearted exploration of the relationship between the sexes will make this an experiential evening planned and structured for singles. With Jack Nash & Betty Gumpertz at 2247 N. Topanga Cyn. Blvd., Topanga, 8 P.M. \$5. Call 455-1342.

MENTAL HEALTH IN CHINA: Alvin Wasserman, clinical psychologist, will relate what he learned in his recent visit. At the Kidwell-Pestana home, 7279 Mulholland Dr., 8PM. \$2, students \$1. 484-8140.

VINTAGE CARTOON NIGHT: Flip the Frog. Basko, Mutt and Jeff and 45 minutes of Betty Boop. Chapter six of Flash Gordon. Temple Isiah, 10345 W. Pico Blvd., W. L.A. 8:30 P.M. 50 cents.

SUNDAY
SEPTEMBER 17

INSIDE VIETNAM — How Will It All Come Out: Exciting slide show and speaker. Fellowship for Social Justice, 2936 W. 8th St., 1 P.M. Donation. 664-5373.

JOHN VINCENT 70th Anniversary Concert: At the Natural History Museum (Jean Delacour Auditorium), 900 Exposition Blvd., L.A. 2:30 P.M. FREE.

ROM

TOM SCOTT SEXTET: Jazz at the Pilgrimage Theatre, 2580 Cahuenga Blvd. East (opposite the Hollywood Bowl), 2:30-4:30 P.M. FREE. Come early for close parking.

THE WAKITA KOTO ENSEMBLE: Beautiful Koto music from Japan. Barnsdall Park, 4800 Hollywood Blvd., L.A. 4:30 P.M. FREE.

HOW SWINGERS OPERATE: Marge Kenwick, owner of the Meeting Ground (a combined introduction service and swinging club) will speak. Santa Monica, Unitarian Church, Arizona and 18th St., Dinner at 7 P.M. Program at 8 P.M. \$2.50. Ages: 21-55.

BLACK LIGHT BODY PAINTING PARTY: Psychedelic paints furnished. Artists and models in attendance. Live music and dancing. Free admission. The Swing, Ventura at Coldwater, Studio City. 783-7171. Open 8 P.M.

CLASSES

McCABE AND CAMP STRINGED INSTRUMENT SCHOOL: classes in guitar, banjo, mandolin, auto harp, flat-picking, finger-picking, blue harmonica, flamenco. Beginning the middle of September. Phone for more information: 828-4497.

SOLFEGE I: Basic musicianship classes beginning Sept. 12 at 8 p.m. at Warren/Garrett Guitar Studios, 4063 Radford Ave. in Studio City. Information: call 761-5719 or 769-4168.

YOGA IN DEPTH: Intensive eight week course in all aspects of Yoga. MWF, 8-10 p.m., starts Oct. 2. Covers Hatha, Raja, Kundalini, Mantra, Gita, pranayama, meditation, and on. Sivananda Yoga Center, 115 N. Larchmont, L.A. 464-1276, for information.

MCCABES — OTHER CLASSES! Hatha Yoga, Belly Dancing, Music for children, ceramics, macrame, basic crafts. Something for everyone At McCabe and Camp Guitar Shop, 3101 Pico Blvd., Santa Monica. Beginning Sept. 19. Call 828-4497.

ECOLOGY STARTS IN THE INTESTINAL FLORA: Begin with a balanced meal of whole grains, beans, seaweed, vegetables and salad with tea and desert. Monday and Thursday nights at 6:30 p.m. at the Kushi House, 7357 Franklin Ave., Hollywood. RSVP before 2 p.m. at 876-9153. (Donation \$1.50) Dinner is followed by lecture on the application of the Unique Principle (Tao and Ying/Yang) in daily life, Mondays at 8 p.m. Acupuncture massage on Thursdays at 8 p.m. (Donation fifty cents each) Then come and do Do-in (self-massage) Saturdays at 8:30 a.m. (donation fifty cents) and learn how to cook Macro Saturdays at 10:30 a.m. \$2.50 including lunch)

NEW IMPROVISATIONAL THEATRE WORKSHOP: Preparing ensemble theatre to perform for public. For auditions call Ruth Satursensky: 465-5210:

CRAFT CLASSES: "Three Dimensional Macrame": Aug. 26 from 10:30 A.M. to 3 P.M. \$14, materials included. "Weaving For Beginners": starts Sept. 5, five-week course \$30. "Inkle Loom Workshop" Sept. 9 from 10:30 A.M. to 2:30 P.M. \$6.50. "Primitive Loom Weaving": Sept. 23 from 10:30 A.M. to 3 P.M. \$14. "Creative Crochet Workshop": Sept. 30, 10:30 A.M. to 3 P.M. \$10. For all classes call Creative Handweavers, 3824 Sunset Blvd., L.A. NO. 2-6231. Drop-in and see the many beautiful handmade rugs, dresses, jewelry, etc. in their shop.

THEATRE WORKSHOP: Using the Chekhov method, with a new concept for inner sense-awareness and development. Plus improvisation, scene study, vocal & sensory exercises, etc. No fee. Call Jacco Yung, 661-7538 or 659-2802.

TENNIS, ANYONE? Classes begin Sunday, Sept. 9 at 9:30 A.M. Taught by high ranking professional instructor. Classes limited to 6. Call: 851-4625 or 980-7880. \$3.00 per class.

LISTLESS? Tired of the monotonous runaround of mechanical life? Perhaps you should try a classfull of the spiritual ideas of the Avatar Al-Wahshi; guaranteed to get you the results you want or lifetime cheerfully refunded. Wednesdays 7:30 P.M. UCLA Ackerman Union, Room 3517.

ANNOUNCING THE NEW FORMULA Spiritual Ideas of the Avatar Al-Wahshi: With special ingredient, shocks, an anti-grapefruit agitator. So bring your probes into an introductory class; a product approved by the Better Gurus Association. Mondays, 7:30 P.M. CSUN Lifehouse, 9520 Etiwanda, Northridge.

CREATING VOCATIONS FOR Social Change: Is now continuing their weekly workshops at the Hollywood Sunset Free Clinic. Classes are every Thursday night at 7:30 P.M. For information, contact C.V.S.C. at 465-1109.

BELLYDANCING: An age old art form that is not as hard to learn as you think. Come and join us Saturdays beginning at 12 noon. N.H. Free Clinic, 763-8836, FREE!

EXPRESSIVE DANCE: A creative workshop centering on the "yoga" of modern dance, includes limbering, toning, body movement and expression, plus lots of good spiritual energy! N.H. Free Clinic, 763-8836, FREE!

TAROT CARD & MAGICAL WORKSHOP: Taught in serene woodsey atmosphere right in Hollywood area. Gurdjieff principle of inner growth emphasized. (No need is hopeless with heightened understanding). Your deepest longings discussed and group work in visualizing to fulfill your dreams. Taught by Tamara — well-known psychic who reads daily at World-Famous Local Restaurant. Classes Monday & Wednesday from 7PM to 9PM. Beginning Sept. 6. \$3.00 per class. 851-4625 or 980-7880.

DERVISH DANCING: An exercise toward the understanding of the relationship of God and the world. Taught by Saykh Abd'l 'Hammud 'Idn. Friday night 8 P.M. Avatar Al-Wahshi Center, 6636 Hollywood Blvd. Suite 204. 465-9098.

YOGA CLASSES: Tai Chi, Sufi Dancing: Monday thru Friday nights, 6:30. The Center, 6170 Santa Monica Blvd., between Gower and Vine. Beginners and advanced. Open class, attend any evening. \$2 donation.

LIFE DRAWING WORKSHOP: Pano's Studio. Drawing class to begin again in September. Painting class now being given. 173 Pier Ave., Santa Monica. Call 399-3801.

BATIK, WEAVING: And macrame lessons; small groups on Wed. nights, 7:30 or by arrangements. Apple Room, 510 N. Hoover. 662-1534.

HATH

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7876 MOUNTAIN
LIVE—The Road Goes
Ever On
Windfall



8333 SONNY & CHER
All I Ever Need Is
You
Kapp



4275 DON MC LEAN
American Pie
United Artists



7846 5TH DIMENSION
Individually &
Collectively
Bell



3170 BUFFY SAINTE-
MARIE Moonshot
Vanguard



1402 THREE DOG
NIGHT Seven
Separate Fools
ABC/Dunhill



5564 AL GREEN
Let's Stay Together
London



5185 GRAHAM NASH/
DAVID CROSBY
Atlantic



2783 B. J. THOMAS
Billy Joe
Scepter



5198 ROBERTA FLACK
First Take
Atlantic



7044 BEETHOVEN
Piano Sonatas
Yorkshire



1183 THREE DOG
NIGHT Harmony
ABC/Dunhill



8178 THE WHO
Who's Next
Decca



1037 STEPPENWOLF
Gold
ABC/Dunhill



1196 GRASS ROOTS
Their 16 Greatest Hits
ABC



2059 ROD STEWART
Every Picture Tells A
Story
Mercury



0635 ISAAC HAYES/
SHAFT Original ST
(2 LPs & 2 tapes)
Enterprise



5206 CREAM
Live, Vol. II
Atco



5550 SAVOY BROWN
Hellbound Train
Parrot



6431 STAPLE SINGERS
Be Altitude:
Respect Yourself
Stax



2779 B. J. THOMAS
Greatest Hits Vol. Two
Scepter



9114 OSMONDS
Phase III
MGM



6147 SHA NA NA
Kama Sutra



6150 BREWER &
SHIPLEY Shake Off
The Demon
Kama Sutra



5534 TEN YEARS
AFTER Alvin Lee &
Co.
Deram



7000 TCHAIKOVSKY
1812 Overture
Yorkshire



5171 YES
Fragile
Atlantic



6870 THE GOSPEL
SOUL OF ARETHA
FRANKLIN
Checker



6884 THE LONDON
CHUCK BERRY
SESSIONS
Chess



7863 MICHEL LEGRAND
Brian's Song
Bell



6164 JOHNNY WINTER
First Winter
Buddah



1235 STEPPENWOLF
For Ladies Only
ABC/Dunhill



2640 GUESS WHO
Born In Canada
Wand



0354 JOAN BAEZ
Blessed Are...
(2 LPs & 2 tapes)
Vanguard



7777 GODSPELL
Original Cast
Bell



0286 DIONNE WAR-
WICKE From Within
(2 LPs & 2 tapes)
Scepter



1377 JAMES GANG
Straight Shooter
ABC



0734 FOUR SIDES
OF MELANIE
(2 LPs & 2 tapes)
Buddah



0371 GREATEST FOLK
SINGERS OF THE
SIXTIES
(2 LPs & 2 tapes)
Vanguard



9058 2001: A Space
Odyssey
MGM



7833 DAVID CASSIDY
Cherish
Bell



7269 ENVIRONMENTAL
SOUNDS Nature's
Music
Yorkshire



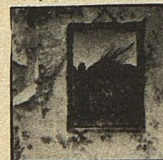
0272 DIONNE WAR-
WICKE STORY
(2 LPs & 2 tapes)
Scepter



7859 PARTRIDGE FAM-
ILY SHOPPING BAG
Bell



1433 GRASS ROOTS
Move Along
ABC/Dunhill



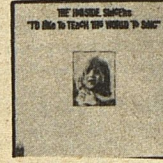
5138 LED ZEPPELIN
Atlantic



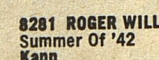
0505 CROSBY, STILLS,
NASH & YOUNG
Four Way Street
(2 LPs & 2 tapes)
Atlantic



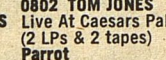
5547 MOODY BLUES
In Search Of
The Lost Chord
Deram



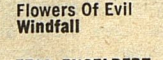
3860 HILLSIDE SING-
ERS I'd Like To Teach
The World To Sing
Metromedia



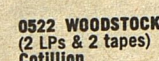
8281 ROGER WILLIAMS
Summer Of '42
Kapp



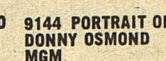
0802 TOM JONES
Live At Caesars Palace
(2 LPs & 2 tapes)
Parrot



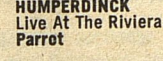
* 7802 MOUNTAIN
Flowers Of Evil
Windfall



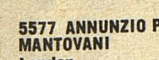
0522 WOODSTOCK TWO
(2 LPs & 2 tapes)
Cotillion



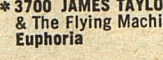
9144 PORTRAIT OF
DONNY OSMOND
MGM



5503 ENGELBERT
HUMPERDINCK
Live At The Riviera
Parrot



5577 ANNUNZIO PAOLO
MANTOVANI
London



* 3700 JAMES TAYLOR
& The Flying Machine
Euphoria

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